

Miscellanea:

OR Various Discourses

UPON

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|-----------------------|
| 1. <i>Tragedy,</i> | } & { | 4. <i>The English</i> |
| 2. <i>Comedy,</i> | | <i>Comedy.</i> |
| 3. <i>The Italian</i> | | 5. <i>And Operas,</i> |
- to his Grace, the D. of Buckingham.

Together

With *Epicurus* his *Morals.*

Written Originally

By the *Sieur de Saint Evremond,*

And made English

By *FERRAND SPENCE.*

To which is prefixt a General Dissertation, introductory to the several *Traacts*, and Dedicated to *T. M. Esquire.*

Licensed R. L'S.

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TO MY

Honour'd Friend

Thomas Milton Esquire.

S I R.

I *T is the happiness of this Age, to equal, if not to exceed all others in true Philosophy, that is to say, in the knowledge of men and things. One reason of which knowledge I shall only insist*

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on

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on at present, and that lyes in the general Communication of Books by Translating them from all Ages and all Countries into all Neoterique Mother Tongues. But, if there be a more than ordinary Extension of this advantage, We, undoubtedly, meet with it in our own Nation: Where not only the best discourses, penn'd by the most Eminent Men of the States round about us, are taught to speak English, but the Primogenial Wits of Athens and Rome do not miss of such hands, as are in no wise unequal to the mighty task of Interpreting them, but seem Commissionated by Nature to handle and revive their Ashes,

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Ashes, and perhaps bestow
upon them a greater fame and
lustre, than they had, when
they first appeared in the
World.

This, I say, not to set a va-
lue or reputation on our own
Countrey, by the disparage-
ment of Greece or Italy, the
first nurseries of Art and Wit,
but only to shew, that I am not
as yet fully persuaded of the
Divinity of those Antient He-
roes, and that he who adores
'em, must be at the same time
blinded with that Cloud of
Incense, which he offers up
to them. Great Geniusses, most
indubitably, they had, and
did rarely well in those days,

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*wherein they had not fail'd of
Admiration) if they had done
less : But, by no means, can I
think it tolerable, that because
they were accounted the chief-
est Men in their own Age,
they should indefinitely be look'd
upon as such in all succeeding
times. I will readily grant
that those Authors of Anti-
quity in their composures of
Wit, and particularly in those
that appertain to the Theatre,
had a richer Vein, than we
have, for the Description of
Nature, and of humane Passi-
ons, and, in brief, of what-
ever bears a respect to wording
and expression, But, since in
things of this nature there are
other matters to be observed,
and*

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and a due Decorum, Contrivance, Oeconomy and Methodical Distribution of the several Portions is to be carefully minded, (which I may call the Mechanical compounding Parts, and which will require no small number of Rules and Precepts that can never be found out but by a long train of Experience and Reflection) it must follow, that the last Ages will have the advantage in these concerns, for as much as they have enjoy'd all the labour and thinking and mistakes of the former.

Of all the considerations, that belong to Men of Letters, this seems to me the most weighty
ty

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ty and Important: For, if, on the one side, a contemptuous treatment and irreverential behaviour towards our Forefathers be an ill quality in a Scholar, on th' other, a neglect and difestimation of the Moderns is still of as bad a consequence, by reason of the just iudigation, which Men of the clearest Heads in this Age cannot but conceive, when having the most accomplisht natural Endowments, and the greatest solidity of judgment, yet they shall chuse rather to lye idle and bury their Talents in obscurity, than venture to come into the light, where they will have open injustice done them: Which Horace complains

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be met withal, when the least works of Antiquity were prefer'd before the acutest and most exact Complexures under the Reign of Augustus

This remark, Sir, I hope, is sufficient both to excuse the labour I have bestow'd on this piece, and likewise to make some Apology for my prefixing your name to it: For, as it is a thing of more than ordinary sagacity and delicacy of sense, and might claim a much more accurate Pen than mine, to put it into an English dress, and as here will be quarrelling work for the most ambitious and forward Spirits in the Empire of Wit, wherein no Man ought to

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to plead the merit of Nobility and all-commanding Grandeur, but that only of good-sense to Rise, so, I think it a felicity worthy to be commemorated both by my-self and this Book, that I have chosen a Man of that excellence and height of Soul, to whom I might justly assign the protection of the highest and most incomparable present, which, (universally speaking) ever the Muses made to Mankind, since the Triumphant Ages of Conquests and Politeness. I was never so vain as to flatter my self, that I could write any thing, which would bear your Eye: But, having taken in the loftiest Ideas of these Papers in the Original,

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ginal, *I fancy'd, I might safely venture an other Man's thoughts in your presence; Especially, when they were of so nice a stamp and so ponderous a character: Tho, perhaps, in this Translation they do not resemble the Elements of the Aristotelian Hypothesis, which are the more weighty, when remov'd out of their Native Station.*

Wherefore, to your Candour, Sir, not Judgment, I must appeal in this my Performance: And I do not care, with what disrepute to my self, provided I can get your single Approbation, which is more to me than the Applause
of

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of a whole Theatre. The truth is, unless we take this way, the Criticks are too hard for us: They make Parties, and damn e'ry thing without Wit or Conscience: Which, no doubt, is the readiest way of thriving and building a Man's Greatness in this World; For, if Alexander had snorted and boggled at invading other Men's Kingdoms, he had never wept for the scarcity of Worlds. Yet, let men say what they will, there is such a thing as Good sense, in the General Notion whereof every one does agree as much as in the Idea of a Triangle. I have frequently met with it in the Pit among the Women

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men, *who have judged with that undebauch'd uprightness and Integrity, that I could hardly find any Imperfection, left by traduction in their Souls: Their minds enjoy'd their Native Purity, were unsophisticated and free from all the Illusions of Prejudice, Friendship, or Interest: and to such minds as these must I recommend the Speculation of these uncompounded Essences of Poetry, with Reference to the Stage.*

For, this Enchyridion containing no superficial, but the fundamental Notions, and (as it were) the Metaphysicks

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physicks of the Theatre, will require a Mind abstracted from all Prepossessions, that can retire into it-self to Meditate, and there whirle about like so many Atomes, the Eternal Paradigms of things, those spectres and Ghosts of Entity, with which Plato was so much inamour'd, as to relate them into the number of his causes. So that unless the Brain be thoroughly defecated, these thoughts will be neither well understood nor relish'd: They are not of a cut for every ordinary Perception, nor the staring gheses of the incogitant Rabble. For, as I have heard our Church-men, say, that the Antient Fathers suppos'd

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Suppos'd, *that the sufferings which our Saviour underwent in his Body, were more afflictive to him, than the same wou'd have been to an other person, by reason of his excellency and quickness of the sense of Feeling ; so likewise these sublime Ratiocinations will be reach'd in proportion to the height of the capacity, that stretches it self at them. They are not deliver'd with Ornament and Polishing ; they are firm and solid, like Metals of the strongest, most enduring and noblest substance, which are fill'd with the greatest difficulty : They are not set off with any pimping dress or foreign blandishments, but the*
Author

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*Author seems to have that of
Martial in his Eye.*

*Quicquid amas, cupias non
placuisse nimis.*

*Tho' certainly truth never
appears more beauteous and
killing, than when we have
the good Fortune to see her
as stark-naked, as ever her
Maker made her, or Men keep
plain-dealing still so in this
World. Octavius took great care
to express his mind with the
greatest plainness imaginable,
and was us'd to reprehend Marc-
Antony for writing such things
as Men did rather wonder at,
than understand. To speak the
truth, when we write on a ra-
tional*

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tional Subject, it is a hard matter to be witty, without spoiling the Connexion and order of Deductions: For Wit being nothing but the ferment of the Soul, such Excoctions must necessarily offuscate the brightness of Reason, we must deal with it, as we do with dangerous Physick, weighing it by Grains and Scruples and nice Proportions. And, in the management of such Arguments, it is as carefully and prudentially to be disperst, as motion in the Universe; what it gains in one part it looses in another, so that in the whole it remains always alike and the same.

This

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This Objection, I foresaw, would presently be rais'd against these Essayes, and therefore, I have taken leave of you, Sir, here to answer it at first once for all. There are many others, that I know, will be started, which I cannot better obviate and make a reply to, as well as to those, which the Author himself brings against the English Stage, than by prefixing here a Preliminary discourse concerning the distinct Tracts of this Book which I must submit all along to your Lime and Correction: For, since Criticks now adays, are grown more assuming than Jove himself, and the sacred Lawrel it self is not over-safe from their Thunder-

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Thunder-bolts, *the* humbler Shrubs of the plain (*as* Cowley calls them) *bad* best take all possible care to shelter themselves the best they can.

This I shall endeavour to perform in Emulation of my present Author, with all the natural easiness imaginable : I will go no further than my own present thoughts which hazard rather than Study brings into my mind : I will fancy my self in your Company, sliding from one hint to another, in a grateful variety of Sentiments : I will only examine the plain nature of things, and not the adventitious Appendixes of industrious

Cogi-

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Cogitation: If I must be sometimes forc'd to an Ostentation of Learning, when I come to want a Quotation, I will get up to reach down my Author: I will speak nothing in a passionate and Dogmatical Huff, nor will I follow in Poetry the great Duellists in Religion, who, tho Chaplains to the Prince of Peace, are evermore termagantly mad, and with the most sanguinary zeal hacking and hewing one another.

All the World knows, how necessary to our selves is the observation of other Mens minds and manners. The Stage has been so often call'd the Looking-glass of Mankind, that

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that I am as much asham'd to repeat it, as to obtrude a Proverb upon Company for a new notion, or to averr with an hundred and fifty Oaths, that two and two make four. It is almost an Eternal verity, and had not Cicero told me, that for the preservation of health, a Man ought to study and be thoroughly acquainted with the State of his own Body, yet I shou'd have believ'd, that it is very requisite towards a good Regulation of our Lives, to take a Prospect of the loveliness of Vertue, the odiousness of Vice, and to see those little extravagancies of Men's Tempers, which are stil'd humours, publickly ridicul'd.

The

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*The two first of these are
the proper business and subject
matter of Tragedy and Tragi-
comedy: For I shall use this lat-
ter Term, since it's not only
authoriz'd by Plautus, but
also by the Modern Practice:
Tho I may possibly elsewhere
and at some other time take
occasion to shew, there is no
such thing in Nature. In Tra-
gedy every thing is employ'd
to move and stir up the Passions
of the Spectators by the dread-
ful Adventures which it repre-
sents, and then it's work is to
appease and settle their Souls in
their former calm and tran-
quillity; whilst the great He-
roes of Antiquity are rais'd
from their Graves, taking up
them*

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their Tenements of Clay again,
to converse with us. This, question-
less, is a great advantage,
that for half a Crown we can
come into their Company, and
hear them be their own Histori-
ans, and talk such fine things a-
bout Love and Honour, without
being affrighted at their Spec-
tres. And, this is one of the
chief Preheminences of a City
above a Countrey Life, that we
can enjoy such illustrious and
edifying Dialogues. We see vir-
tue in it's exalted State, that
ἡ ἀρετὴ ἡμᾶς ἀπερνῇ, L. 9. C. 1.
which Aristotle (who poyson'd
his Pupil and Benefactour, men-
tions in his Ethicks, whereby
he denotes, that it is not so
much situated above our Attain-
ments,

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ments, as above our obligations to attain it, but that when we have acquir'd it into our reach, it will, most infallibly, lift us above the ordinary Predicament of humane Nature, and we shall all become Transcendentals. So that, these great Heroes must be truly great, and endued with all manner of Perfections, and all the Moral Vertues: And their Vices must be either very carefully managed or quite conceal'd: Alexander must have a great deal of deference and veneration paid him, and he must not be expos'd to laughter, tho he should pretend himself to be the By-blow

Inter Epistolas of a God, rather
Mandi Prociuum. than that of honest
King

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*King Philip, which his nowa
Mother resents most bitterly
in a very pathetick Letter to
the ungracious Universal Mo-
narch. However, so many A-
batements are not to be made,
as that Tragedy should
swerve from History: It may
improve it, but in such a mea-
sure, that the discrimination of
the real Persons may remain.
Tragedy is to glorify them in
this Resurrection, but yet they
are still to continue the same
Individual Men. It wou'd be
extreamly ridiculous to drama-
tize Tully and Catiline, Cæsar and
Cato, Antony and Brutus
with the same lines and the same
features, tho they liv'd in the
very same Age together, and*
b 2 *the*

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the same Common-Wealth.

P. 1. And my Author says, that the French excel in works of the Stage, and he may say so with all my Heart, if he will give it me under his hand, that he speaks this in general, or in complement to his own Countrey: For, upon no account can I concede it, if he affirms it with an Allusion to Ours. In which sense and acceptation, we may very well understand him, when he boldly Challenges all the Countries in the Universe to dispute with France the advantage of Tragedy, and immediately subjoins, that he will allow but four or five English Tragedies to be compleat, and these

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these neither, unless they were Guelt, and had a great many restraints and alterations made in them. What these four or five are, Sir, I am sorry he hath not nominated, so that we might have impartially examin'd both their Beauties and Imperfections, and compar'd them with as many of the best French pieces. Otherwise we cannot lay hold of him, he speaks at volley and universally; and there is no course to be taken in defence of the English Theatre, but one, which I judge to be very odious, and that is a general comparison betwixt that and the French.

With this Province, Sir, I

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am not much taken, by reason it is my Opinion, wherein I have your concurrence, that 'tis a putrid way of Wit to draw Comparisons in National Concerns, and to make artful and blackening Observations on whole Communities: It almost looks as gross as a similitude in a dying Man's Mouth. I will, therefore, modestly, in our Honour only specify one or two things, wherein our Tragedies do as far exceed the French both for Profit and Diversion (if we may allow any at all in this case) as the Monument surpasses Pancradge-Steeple, both for strength, and height, and Beauty, and, I will leave it to any Rational-man to conjecture at the rest.

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The French Tragedy bears much resemblance to an Epique Poem, picking out, generally, one or two principal Personages of great Renown in Story, and laying out all its gifts on some certain notable passage and event of their Lives. Therefore it will suffer no more men to come upon the Stage, than what are purely necessary to the adornment and furtherance of that one main-action. And then, the whole intrigue is carry'd on in Rhythme, with tedious Harangues, Dialoguewise, wherein the Actors do as devoutly pay their respects to Honour, as if it was a piece of Religious Worship (as indeed Tragedy, heretofore, bore a

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*part in the Heathen Liturgy)
and have the most immortal
occasions upon Earth to speak
fine things, according to Mr.
Bayes's Phrase in the Rehear-
sal.*

*Contrarily, we introduce a
manifold and thickening di-
versity of Actions into the
leading designment ; whereas
the French are so very super-
stitious in observing the Sta-
gyrites Rules of purging Pride
and Ambition by shewing, that
no State can secure Mankind
from the Lapses and Reverses
of Fortune, that one wou'd
guess by their Tragedies, that
they had no other vice than
Ambition, nor other Men than
Heroes*

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Heroes, as we guess at the Diseases of a Countrey by their Remedies. But on the other hand we aim at curing not only our soaring Sparkes, Our Nahashes, Our Absoloms; but all such Fools as suffer themselves to be made their Instruments as Our Zips by shewing the fatality that attends all those that are engag'd in such impious undertakings. Thus we flow more free and unconfin'd, mixing with the great Plot many little circumstances, by the help of our Episodes. Whereby these considerable advantages fall on our side, that our scenes are not so natiseous,

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*nor have so many Ambages,
as our Neighbours, but the
Audience's Mind, meets the
more frequently with different
Mutations and Prospects; that
our Stage has more Persons upon
it, which takes off the fatigue
of still viewing the same-object,
and adds a pickanter vivacity
to whatever is spoken. In the
last place, we, for the most
part, do not use Rhythme;
but blank-verse, whereby the
Poets minds is left more to it
self, and has a fairer and more
natural-field, wherein to ex-
patriate, without the necessity of
cursing Arabique Customs or
Moorish Innovations, which forc-
ed a man to spoil a good thought
by*

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by tagging it with Ting-tong.

Had our Author duely weigh'd these things, he wou'd not, perhaps, have so hardily pronounc'd against the English Buskin, as he has done, especially by way of comparison, when he could not but remember, what that honest-fellow of a Critick Rapin long ago confess of his own Countreymen, that none of them had writ a good Tragedy, nor were ever like to write one. I know by intimation under hand he may oppose against what I have thought fit to say in our behalf, that this variety of Underplots does bring an heap of P. 9. confused-events : But this lies wholly

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wholly at the Poets discretion; he is to answer this Objection, I believe, before he can get his Play acted. They may be confused, as in a Chaos, rudis indigestaque moles, while they lye in the Poet's Mind, they may be then like the first matter, without form: But it is the Poet's work; and, perhaps, one of the greatest Arts of human Wit to unconfound them, to find fit digressions, and right Ligaments to tie one thing to another, least instead of representing a true State of natural Society, he plunges himself into Hobbs's State of War.

I might here, indeed, Sir,
par-

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*particularize in many of our
Modern English Tragedies, en-
dued with all the proportions
of place, time and such ex-
ternal Regularities, which
would prove the most forcible
Argument against my Author :
But since upon this whole mat-
ter, he hath chosen to deli-
ver himself, and to sport in Ge-
nerals, I have follow'd him
but in such a way, that all men
of judgement, who have stu-
died the English Stage, will
think him out of the way, when
he judges thus of it. I must a-
vow, Sir, I have here miss'd
an heavenly opportunity of gain-
ing the Amity of some of our
Top-Poets : But you know, Sir,
what a fierce Nation they are,*

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(as Boileau calls them) and it is, perchance, as dangerous to praise as to discommend any one of them: And, therefore, I will still put both themselves and their Fortunes upon God and their Countrey.

There is one thing more, which upon this Topick impinges on P. 9. us, that we are wonderfully pleas'd with the sight of barbarous Murthers, that our Stage is an Acheldama, that there we read Eternal Paraphrases upon the third Chapter of Job, and that the more Blood is spilt, the more delight does the audience receive. I will not here alledge the Roman Theatre, where in were as many Knoxes and Car-
gyls,

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gyls, as in the cirque of the Gladiators: I will only deduce a Replication from the nature of our Stage it self. Our scenes are much fuller than the French, in which I have already glory'd; and consequently, the Dependents of great Men always partake of their Fates. Now, how can this be thought a piece of Inhumanity (as my Author thinks it) which is dayly seen to be Acted in Princes Courts, and upon the true Theatre of the World? Our shores (we thank God) are not inhospitable, as they were when Horace said,

Visam Britannos hospitibus
feros.

And

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And the French, I am certain, will allow, that the English can readily borrow a great many people, to help fill up these By-plots.

I now pass to Comedy, wherein my Author seems not to take the same measures, as he did in P. 39. Tragedy, that every thing ought to be referr'd to one principal event, However, he declares not his own Opinion in this point, but with many allowances. He will only have it a contest depending on the Genius of the two Nations. He very fairly and justly allows P. 44. Ben. Johnson to be an Excellent Comic Poet, in depicting the several humours and

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and manners of men. Yet P. 33.
he thinks, our humours are
carried on too far, *which pro-*
ceeds from our too much P. 34.
thinking on the same thing,
and our too long plodding in the
same beaten Tract of Re-action.
I had rather at any time, Sir,
defend than accuse, but by no
means can I omit in this place,
what every body knows, in what
a Lewd condition the French
Comedy is at this day; that (as
my Author confesses) it is mostly
filch'd from the Spaniards, and
that it is generally (with a few
exceptions) degenerated into
Farce, Puppet-shews, Buf-
foonry, and Apish-tricks:
Whereas the English sally into
new Invention, and keep it up

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to the same sublimity and splendour, as it held, when Lælius and the Masters of Rome, who had crown'd Heads for their Subjects, writ Comedies to divert the People.

I will not affirm, that we Religiously observe all the Laws, which Kings and Parliaments of Parnassus have Enacted, and tho a Man will hardly miss of Horace's Art of Poetry in the Title-page, that by consequence all the Rules of that Lycurgus are observed in the ensuing Comedy. 'Tis enough the Prologue does still either Court or Huff the audience to surprize it's good-Opinion : Love goes still on at the old rate, he

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he is still reputed the most ancient of the Gods, ἡνὰ πάντα διέκρινεν μετὰ τὴν ἑξέστωσιν (as Plutarch says) all things are made and Providentially dispos'd by him.

Totamque *infusa* per artus.
Mens agitat molem——

So that tho the Sparks had a perpetual, but a very uneasy Celibacy, till the last Act, yet then from the objective they pass to the formal happiness. And tho (as my Author remarks) the English may surpass the natural Ideas of things, by letting our thoughts dwell too long upon one Object, and rarifying it into vast dimensions, yet if it were

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were otherwise, I am perswaded, there cou'd be nothing heard for yawning, all wou'd be cold and chill and beyond the eight Degree. And this reason is to be assign'd, for the continued thickness of the Wit, which sometimes is pil'd up so mountainously thick, that it is impossible to think any man can be suppos'd to speak or answer so, extemperaneously, but upon Study and Premeditation.

But, to consider this thing a little more closely and Philosophically, matters do, perhaps, stand in a much better condition as they are, than if they were intirely conform'd to the precepts of Aristotle and Horace.

Indeed,

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Indeed, if none but the great Masters of Poetry, who have a thorough insight into these two Law-givers, came into the Theatre, our Adversaries would say something, but our English Actors nothing at all, unless this; *Unus est nobis pro Populo*, I mean our Lawreat. I have, oftentimes, apply'd myself in some difficult cases to some particular Men, who pretend to have made this Art their Study: But I have found, they either have not told me their minds sincerely, or else have made ill use of their Pains, seeing, afterwards, I have receiv'd more satisfaction from Persons of ordinary good-sense than these speculative Curiosi.

For

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For it is, indisputably, true, that as to the Art of the Stage, nothing is more easy, than for a Man to be deceiv'd in his conceptions, when he will needs peep into it's delicacy and fineness, and little Whimsies: Nothing is more easy than to give a wrong Explanation of Aristotles or Horace's Rules, which are wont to breed as great a disorder and hub-bub in an unapt Brain, as they yield illumination and benefit to a mind, fram'd by nature for these sorts of notices.

We are to consider that Comedy is appointed to please not only the Sir Courtly Nice's in Wit, but all true Souls, whom
Terence

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Terence calls the People,
and we have his Affidavit, who
was no Oates, that then it at-
taineth it's end, when it pleases
them. When a Man, Sir of
unblundering sense, that does
not lay claim to one Iota of
Greek or Latin, that never read
(God bless him) either Aristo-
tle or Horace, and that never
yet aspir'd to write a Billet-
doux so much as in his own dear
Mother Tongue, when this Man
shall tell you, that such a Co-
medy pleases him, that he sat
easy and attentive all the while
without ogling the Boxes, and
tho gifted with the Spirit of
Ruffling, he bauk'd the Mas-
ques of his Douceurs, that he
comprehended the Plot very
well,

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well, that he view'd it's turmoils with some disturbance, that afterwards he saw 'em unravell'd with some emotions of joy, that he came from the Play-House in some haste, or, perhaps, stumbled in the way, while he was preparing his memory for his Friends, I should believe the Comedy good, and the testimony of this one man shou'd be of more comfortable importance and judicious weight with me, than all the petty-reasons of an half-skill'd Play-crafts-man. And I will not go far to prove, if not to demonstrate this as certain as any Problem in Euclid, at least in an equal, and not in a comparative sense. For, the difference which lyes between
twixt

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twixt a Man of skill, and a Man of no skill, upon this postulatum that there be an equal division of good sense between them, can never make them to have a different relish of the Comedy. They will be equally pleas'd or displeas'd at the same Play, with this discrimination only, that the Man of skill can tell, why he is pleas'd, or why he is displeas'd, and the Man of just-sense cannot, as having never made it his business to dive into the Art of Poetry.

But, to leave it in suspence, whether all the Aristotelian and Horatian Precepts are nicely requisite in the composition

c

of

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of a Comedy, and not to return back and enquire here, whether the same dispute may be warped also to Tragedy, we can make no manner of question, but that Opera's or pieces of Machine are not subject to their Jurisdiction, but are wholly out of the pale of those two great Men's Territories, since they are of a later date, and owe their original to Florence in Lorenzo de Medici's time or to the Venetians, who (as Mr. Dryden thinks, might gather them up from the Postscript to Albion and Albanus. wrecks of the Grecian and Roman Theaters, which were adorn'd with Scenes, Musick, Dances, and Machines, especially the Athenian :

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an: *Which* polite *Commonwealth*, tho it was very frugal in every thing else, according to Mr. Rhymer's observation, yet did tax and assess themselves, and did expend more out of their publick Exchequer upon the representation of these publick Plays, than all their Wars cost them, tho sometimes both Sea and Land were cover'd with barbarous Foes, by whom they were invaded.

Aristotle, whom all men agree, to have treated of the Stage the first and the best of any Writer, saith, that two things therein are particularly to be observ'd, which are verisimilitie and marvelousness,

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lousness, *with this difference, that in Comedy nothing but what retains on verisimilitude is to be admitted, whereas* Preface Ibid. *Tragedy doth not refuse the marvellous, or as Mr. Dryden calls it, the surprising conduct. However in this case, great moderation the Philosopher will have used, so that if a Man be forc'd to intermingle things supernatural and so usher in the Gods, it must only be on some pinch of necessity: And this is the sense of that Law and Ordinance of the old Peripatetique Gentleman, which Judge Hales himself cannot interpret more uprightly. From whence we may deduce this Corollary,*
that

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that Dramatick Poetry is to be thus essentially divided: Comedy ought to have every thing likely and probable, i. e. only natural and ordinary Events; Opera's which are a species, that stand in opposition to the former, must accept only of extraordinary and super-natural Adventures: But Tragedy, like the Aristotelian vertue, is to lye snudging betwixt them both, being compounded of marvellousness and possibility. So that hence we see, the vices and imperfections of a Comedy, are the vertues and beauties of an Opera. Nothing is more wicked in a Comedy than the slipping and alteration of the

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Scene: *But nought is so rich and excellent in an Opera as the breaking of all the unities of time, place and action, I mean as the leaps, not only from one place of the Earth, to an other, but from Earth to the Empyrean Heav'n, and from Heav'n to Hell: While the simple Inhabitants of the Lunar Planet little think what work we make with them in Dorset-Garden. In a Comedy, nothing is so unmercifully insupportable, as to ungiggle or explicate the Intrigue by a Miracle, or by the kind arrival of some Θεῶν ἀπὸ μυχῶν: whereas in an Opera nothing is so charmingly ravishing, as these sorts of Miracles and these Apparitions*

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paritions of Divinities, when Men have some ground and reason to introduce them.

From this wide distinction betwixt the nature of Comedy and Opera, it may be determin'd, that either my Author did not understand the P. 42. right notion of Operas, when he terms them, even beyond a literal sense, Comedies in Musique, or else he means that P. 43. abused Constitution of them, which he himself derides, when they are compell'd in Musick to negotiate the inferiour and common affairs of civil Life. In this Observation he certainly shakes hands with truth, and I am sure, you, Sir, will
C 4 take

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take *his* side : For I, partly, believe, that should a Man dril-
lingly sing and warble out an
errand to his Lacquais, the
Fellow might, perhaps, go, but
I fancy, he would make more
hast to Court than to the
place appointed him in his
message, that he might be
the first to make Friends for
his Master's Estate.

I will not here examine
my Author's judgment in sing-
ing, nor the Preference he
gives the French to the Italian
Operas, such an attempt
being extraneous to my un-
dertaking : But since he
damns the very essential con-
stitution of this Theatrical En-
tertainment

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tertainment, notwithstanding the incivility, I think my self engag'd to see him contradicted. And I hope, Sir, that I shall obtain your pardon both for the tediousness and the unpolish'd neglect of this discourse, especially in this part of it, wherein I have so few helps, seeing I do at once plead the cause of Friendship, and, perhaps, of good-sense: For, this portion of the Stage's diversion being but a Novice in our Theatre, and having just receiv'd the Royal Approbation and encouragement, as it would be unmannerly to let any thing slip the Press, that so much as indirectly strikes at the

c 5 design,

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design, so it wou'd be as severe too, and to the detriment of the Actors, who have been at immense charges in carrying it on, and some of whom of Eminent judgment and sense I am proud to call my Friends.

All the reasons, therefore, which I can find my Author goes upon, in subverting root and branch, the constitutive Principles and foundation of Opera's are two. The first is more general. That it is impossible for the mind of Man to be sincerely pleas'd, when it has so little to do, and that tho, perhaps, it may be at first surpriz'd

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surpriz'd into some delight;
yet, afterwards, it presently
sinks into it self, and be-
comes tir'd and drooping. The
other is, that he never saw
an Opera, but what to him p. 44.
appear'd foolish and contemp-
tible, either in the disposi-
tion of the subject, or in the
composurè of the Verses.

In reply to these reasons :
This principle is acknow-
ledg'd as a Basis and Ground-
work in all Arts and Sci-
ences, that those who first
invented them, and gave 'em
all the perfections requisite to
their Frame, Nature and
Constitution, ought to be
the Supream Dictators in
whose

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whose steps, all the following Disciples are to tread: Otherwise, they tread awry. So that, as the Italians did first pitch upon and accomplish in all it's numbers this Entertainment of Operas, whoever undertakes to compose an Opera, must wholly square his measures to their design. This my Critick ought to have consider'd, before he had gone, and committed High-Treason against one of the most establish'd and most famous Laws among Men of Wit, by not having the fear of Authority before his Eyes, and by contriving some new Atheistical Regulations, according to which he would alter

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alter the settled Government.

But (it seems) he has reason so to do: No Man of sense can be taken with things, which have no sense in 'em: The mind does not find matter enough in 'em, to employ it self about nothing but noise and fine shews: And the Ludgate-audience, provided they be neither Deaf nor Blind were by Predestination devised to be charin'd with these super-aerial practices: Mighty Scenes and Fustian adorn'd with extravagant Decorations lugner failly but operate as certainly as a Devil, a Fool, and a Friar: And what is the effect of

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of all this, but to be praised
by such a Riff-raff is to be
condemned.

It was said of the Empe-
rour Trajan when he boasted
of his Parthian Trophée be-
fore the Gods, that he was
φιδογενής *ἰσοκλήμων ἢ λέγων*,
and that he regarded a found
of words more than real mat-
ter it self: But whether this
is liable to be apply'd to Ope-
ras, I will leave it to the
decision of all judicious men,
from the consideration both
of what has been already
urg'd upon this Topick, and
what I shall further add in
confutation of the second ar-
gument. In the interim, I will
here

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here put the case, that there is nothing to be heard, felt, or understood but a non-sensical sound: Yet, if this sound be truly Harmonical, whether vocal or Instrumental, or both, men will certainly prefer it sometimes before the greatest Embellishments of Wit. Musick, therefore, as well as all other polite Arts has been embrac'd and cherish'd by all the most glorious Nations in the Universe, and has receiv'd it's augmentation proportionable to the augmentations of Empire. I have already particulariz'd in two immortal and commanding Nations, especially the Romans, who not only

us'd

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us'd it in their Theaters, but
in Religious matters on the
greatest of all days, when
their Carmina foecularia were
sung with so much pomp and
ostentation, that they were
styled ἀσφατα ἐμπροπύρην,
The Hebrews themselves (not
to speak of the glittering and
incessant use of it in their
Temple) did in Solomons
time, when that Dominion
was elevated to it's highest
Akme, and ev'n a note above
Ela, had publique times of
joy adorn'd with the magni-
ficence of musical perfor-
mances. And, as
Pref. to *Albion* Mr. Dryden has
and *Albion* remark'd that the first
Operas seem'd to be design'd
by

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by the Italians for the Celebration of Princes Marriages, or days of Universal rejoicing, whereof he gives us an instance in Guarini's Pastor fido; So the Song of Songs, (as our Learned Church-men long ago express'd it) " is a kind of
" Divine Pastoral, or Marriage
" Play, consisting of divers Acts and Scenes: Or
" a sacred Dialogue (by way
" of Opera) with many interlocutory passages. First the
" Bride comes in, and saith,
" Let him kiss me with the
" kisses of his Mouth: Then
" the Bridegroom, I have compar'd thee, O my Love,
" to a Troop of Horses, &c.
" After which he withdraws
" him-

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“ himself, and sits at his re-
“ past, leaving the Bride with
“ her Companions, as it were
“ alone upon the Stage, who
“ thus speak to her, We will
“ make thee Borders of Gold
“ and Studs of Silver, &c.

But to come nearer home,
and to give a taste of our own
times, Balets have ever been in
vogue in France, Spain has
it's Bull-feasts, the Moors
their Zambra's, the Ger-
mans their Wirschafts, being
pieces compos'd of Mascarades,
Balets, and Songs, the Court
of Savoy it's Sapates, and none
of these Entertainments but
has Musick for an essential
Ingredient.

Can

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Can we, then, think, that Actions, tho long, of Dramatique Musick to be ungrateful, and sure to put the audience to the most hideous Agonies of yawning? Can we suppose the most delicate People, that ever yet liv'd upon Earth to be Sots and heavy Ideots? Can we imagine them to be weary of an happiness of their own contrivance, and to be as great Fools as the Apostate Angels, who were cloy'd with their felicity, and left their own Habitations? Toward a plenary satisfaction and compleat acquiescence of mind, it is necessary, that all the powers of our Souls, be adequately fill'd with Pleasure,

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sure, and be rapt up into an
Eternal Enjoyment. There
must be no interfering Acci-
dent, to break it off. The
trance must be ineffable, and
what signifies it, so it be a
Trance, whether it be agree-
able to the Catholick mea-
sures of sense or reason? I
confess, Mr. Cowley says,
that Wit should not be lay'd
too thick, but discreetly ma-
nag'd and scatter'd up and
down: But for my share, I
do not think, this notion is
extensive to the divertise-
ments of the Eye or Ear:
And I fancy a Lady much
more richly dress'd in a Gown
all laid o'er with Jewels, than
with here and there one, nice-
ly scituated. The

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*The Thomists will have the fruition of the Divinity to consist solely in an Act of the Understanding, which they call Vision: But the Sco-
tists in an Act of the Will, which is Love: And the Tho-
mists seem to have the better of the argument, because see-
ing the operation in which our perfectest happiness is found-
ed, must be the perfectest ope-
ration, and seeing that of the intellectual is more perfect
than that of the sensitive part,
it is apparent, that the ope-
ration of this fruition must lye
in the Intellectual Part only.
But tho I question not but that
both in th' upshot may be
brought to an accommoda-
tion,*

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tion, according to the Max-
imes of the new Philoso-
phy, which holds all sensa-
tions not to be realities ei-
ther in the senses or the ob-
jects of them, but to subsist
solely in the perception. I
say, I do not care, whether
the Pleasure springs from ei-
ther part, provided I have
the Pleasure: Tho, perhaps, all
that results from Harmony,
arises from the Concord, it
bears to our Souls, which
some have opin'd to be Har-
mony.

I know, sometimes, our sense
of seeing is affected to that
degree with the Harmony
or Beauty of Colours, and
our

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our hearing with that of
sounds, that some have prov'd
too frail for the enjoyment,
and have become maddish
with the superlative Plea-
sure. And to this cause may
be ascrib'd the extravagant
joys of the Italian Theatre,
where the Composers of the
Musick of the Opera, en-
deavour to end the Scenes of
the principal Actors, with
such Airs as not only draw
the applauses of the whole
Theatre, when Benissimo is
heard from a thousand Mouths
at once, but have sometimes
transported some Gentlemen
besides themselves and their
Wits by the charming voices
of their Young Women, so
that

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that they have cry'd out,
while they lean over from their
Galleries, Ah Cara! mi
Butto, mi Butto, as if they
were about to precipitate them-
selves down in the extasies,
into which they were rapt
by these divine voices.

This, I think, Sir, enough
to offer in contradiction to
the first reason of my Cri-
tick: The second does with-
out any exception or dis-
pensation condemn every par-
ticular Opera, be ever yet
saw, both as to the dispo-
sal of the main subject, and
the composition of the ver-
ses; I will not here ob-
ject to him Lovigis Operas,
wherein

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wherein he franckly avows, P. 52.
himself hath found inimi-
table things, nor any of the
Illustrious Atchievements in
this kind of the Italian
Masters: I will only bring
our Alb. and Albanus in-
to his consideration, which not
only for the amussitated ma-
nagement of the subject-mat-
ter, and the ingenious con-
trivance of the versification,
but for the great and God-
like Argument, for the He-
roique design of it's Instru-
ction, for the admirable and
sumptuous performance in the
sweetness of the Musick, in the
Harmonique Movements and
Postures, in the richness of
the Habits, and the Beau-
d ty

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ty of the Machines and Decorations, we may oppose in competition with any thing, that ever Paris or Venice it self did yet see. Notwithstanding the general design is but as yet in a State of Probation.

The Argument is both according to and beyond the Poets own Heart, both literally true and super-naturally Historical. The miraculous Restauration and Deliverances of the two Royal Brothers, with the Apotheosis of our late Immortal and cherish'd Monarch. The Instruction easie and fresh in our Memories, Treason defeated

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defeated *by the Almighty, and his Vice-gerents preserv'd. We are not constrain'd like our Neighbour Nations, to feign Poetical Tales: We have daily new-subjects for Operas set before our Eyes, and we see ours acted first on the true Theatre of the World.*

The conduct sublime, yet no great chasms in it, but such as rather seem to heighten than stint the minds of the audience. The Verses pure, fluent and fill'd with a Coelestial and Blisful Cadence, nothing in our Language, yet extant, comparable to it. And we can find but one and twenty Apostrophe's (I mean of distinct Woods) through the
d 2 whole

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whole Series of the verse:

This was a way of writing, first observ'd and introduc'd by Mr. Waller: And without this, the contrivance of Operas could never stand. And as there is a sweetness in the middle, so is there at the end of the verse, which is chiefly caus'd by the Dissyllable and Trissyllable Rhymes, lately much us'd in our Songs, and borrow'd originally from the Italians. For, it is generally of the Constitutive nature of all Italian verses, of what number of Syllables soever they be, to have the Accent upon the Penultima. There are some, indeed, which they call Sdrucchioli or slippery verses, that lay it upon

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upon the Ante-penultima, their final Cadence running swift: Whereof we have many examples in this English Opera, as being naturally Competible to it's Constitution, as may be prov'd by this instance.

The Italians, as they have preserv'd many things of the Latine through their whole Tongue, so have they retain'd a sort of verses, nam'd Sciolti, without Rhyme: Wherein that excellent Translation of Virgil's Æneis is written by Hannibal Caro, from whom, I am of opinion, Sir, that that great man of your name, whose enlarged Genius, you inherit, separated from the unhappy and fatal ma-
d 3 *lignitie*

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lignities, which belong'd to that Age, took his design. The body of the work consists of Heroique verses of eleven Syllables, but he sometimes mixes the Sdruccioli of twelve, and then principally, when he makes the Gods to speak as in the Sybill's Answer in the Sixth Book.

Verrano i Teucri al regno di Lavinio,
Di ciò t' affido. Ma benstoito deffer vi
Si penteranno. Guerre, guerre horribili
Sor gere ne veggio, & pien di sangue il
Tevere.

As to the performance, I will not inquire whether our English voices are so fine and fit for things of this nature: I will rather suspend my judgment with my Author, remembering, that things cannot at first receive their

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their ultimate perfection, qui non est hodiè, cras magis aptus erit; and that there is a strife among Musicians as well as Men of all other Professions:

Καὶ πλωχὸς πλωχῶ φθορεῖ, καὶ
ἀοιδὸς ἀοιδῶ.

I will not strain in commending the vision of the Honours of the Garter, in which we see the Glories of our August Prince with all the lesser Deities about him.

Divisum Imperium cum Jove
Cæsar habet.

*Neither will I mention the Peacock which had the Samii
seen*

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*seen (who stamp'd it's Pour-
traiture upon their Coins,
because Juno, to whom it was
dedicated, was by them ado-
red) they would not only have
Worshipped her but the Bird too,
and, perhaps, more the Birds
very Pourtraict. She, indeed, is
appointed by the Poets to con-
vert the Eyes of Argus in the
Peacock's Train : But here the
Spectator does wish for his Eyes
to look upon the Bird it self,
as being as rare a sight, as
when it was first transported
from the Barbarians into
Greece, at which time Ælian
tells us, that among the Atheni-
ans it was not to be seen with-
out Money.*

I will

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I will not enlarge, Sir, upon these Occurrences, because they have already betray'd me into a great deal of Pedantry, tho I have made it my scope all along to keep at as great a distance as I could from the Anonymous Translator, who some days ago put forth these Stage Essays. I will say nothing in derogation of his Translation, nor build my own Reputation upon the ruins of another Mans ; But I do not doubt, that if he had ponder'd more, he wou'd have more thoroughly understood his Author, and a little more pains wou'd have better spoke his Acquaintance with honest Will. Lilly.

And.

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*And now, Sir, I think I have been sufficiently guilty of the Vice the Greeks call'd ἀπεργασολογίαν, as to have try'd to what a degree you stand possess'd of the great vertues of perseverance and long-suffering, so as that it's high time to make an end, least I be goar'd with questo non fa la storia intiera, perche non gli fu insignata la fine. Wherefore I shall leave all I had to say about Epicurus, to my Annotations: It being an infinite work to dispute concerning summum bonum, of which Socrates affirms in his Ecclesiastical History, there were three hundred several Opinions. This is all I have to add, that
Epicurus*

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Epicurus *had a Garden, and in that Garden stood a Tree of Knowledge : But in the Bark of it was writ, by some Lycurgus or other, a Noli me tangere.*

I am,

Sir,

Your Most Humble,
Most Affectionate,
Most Obliged Servant.

F. S P E N C E.

ERRATA.

PAge 43. line 9. *deleatur a*, p. 48. l. 2. read *made*, p. 63. l. 1. *del. no doubt*, p. 69. l. 18. r. *calumniate*, p. 77. l. 6. r. *with which*, p. 79. l. 10. for *than is there*, r. *there can*, p. 83. l. 23. r. *since*, p. 89. l. 8. r. *innocent*, p. 90. l. 18. r. *cotten*, p. 39. l. 10. r. *twinges and pinches*, p. 97. l. 2. for *then*, r. *thee*, *ibid.* l. 12. r. *Ruines*, p. 98 l. 11. for *ten*, r. *a*, *ib.* l. 22. r. *laudable*, p. 99. l. 3. r. *contrariable*, p. 104. l. 18. r. *be became*, p. 135. l. 16. r. *Tergilylinus*, p. 113. l. 20. r. *Thyestes*, p. 115. l. 1. r. *horrid*, *ib.* l. 11. r. *Almeon*, p. 118. l. 19. r. *that the is*, &c. p. 123. l. 2. r. *ay*, p. 129. l. 12. r. *est* ? p. 130. l. 6. r. *ruinate*, p. 131. l. 24. for *theirs*, r. *other's*, p. 133. l. 8. r. *ber*, *ib.* l. 9. r. *Filt*, p. 136. l. 1. r. *Camillus*, *ib.* l. 12. r. *are*, *ib.* l. 14. for *being*, r. *is*, p. 141. l. 1. r. *starry*, p. 144 l. 11. for *bate*, r. *call*, p. 145. l. 7. r. *sublimi*, p. 146. l. 10. r. *sparkling*, p. 155. l. 4. r. *aboe*. *These are the material Errours, which have escap'd the Press, except some few Literal ones, the Principal whereof I leave to be corrected by the Reader, in page 102, 106, 114, 115, 117, and 140.*

MISCELAN Y
DISCOURSE S.
OF TRAGED Y.

IT is my Opinion, that the *French* excel in *Works* of the *Theatre*; and I believe, I shou'd not flatter *Corneille*, if to many of his *Tragedies* I gave the *Prebeminence* over those of *Antiquity*. I know, the *Antient* *Tragic Poets* have had *Admirers* in all Ages; but I question whether this *Loftiness*, both of *Place* and *Wit*, ascrib'd 'em by these *Admirers*, has any *solid foundation*.

To make us believe that *Sophocles* and *Euripides* are as admirable,
B rable,

vable, as they tell us, we must fancy many more things in their own Works, than what we can learn from their Translators, and in my mind, the words and Language must claim a considerable portion in their Beauty.

Through the Praises of their most Renowned, and most Partial Adorers, (methinks) I see, and perceive, that Grandeur, Magnificence, and chiefly Dignity, were things very little known by 'em: They were a parcel of Good Wits coop'd up in a narrow Family of a small Common-wealth, to whom a Necessitous Liberty serv'd instead of all manner of Things.

Put 'em upon representing the Majesty of a great Monarch, they knew not scarcely how to enter on such an unknown Grandeur: Their Senses were so us'd and assubjected to base and mean Objects, that they could hardly avoid them.

'Tis true, these Wits, distilling such

such Objects, sometimes *beav'd*
'em selves up to something *mar-*
derful and *sublime* : but then, they
 won'd be ever bringing so many
Gods and *Goddeſſes* into their *Tra-*
gedies, that a man could meet with
 nothing *Mortal* or *Humane* in
'em : What was *Great*, was *Fa-*
bulous ; what was *Natural*, was
Poor and *crawling*.

In *Corneille*, *Height* and *Gran-*
deur is known by it ſelf : The
Figures, he uſes, are *handſom*, when
 he has a mind to *trim* it with ſome
Ornaments ; but generally , he
 neglects thoſe *extravagant Sallies*,
 and goes not o' *hunting* in the
Heavens for ſomething to *ſet off*
 that which is already *conſiderable*
 enough on *Earth* : He thinks it
 ſufficient to make a *right entrance*
 into things ; and the *full* and *juſt*
Image , he gives us , of them ,
 makes that *true Impreſſion*, which
Men of *good ſenſe* love to receive.

In effect, moſt *admirable* every
 B 2 where

where is *Nature*: And when Men have recourse to that *strange* and borrowed *Splendor*, where-with they think to *embellish* Objects, 'tis frequently a *tacit Confession*, that they do not know their *Propriety* and true *Nature*. Hence proceed the greatest part of *Our Figures* and *Comparisons*, which I cannot approve of, unless they come very *seldom*, unless they be altogether *noble*, and altogether *just*: Otherwise, by this *subtile dexterity*, they seek a *diversion*, to turn a Man's thoughts away from the *things*, which *themselves* do not *understand*. Yet what-ever *Beauty simile's* may have, they agree much better with an *Epic Poem* than a *Tragedy*. In an *Epic Poem* the *mind* seeks its *Divertisement* out of the *main Subject*; but, in a *Tragedy*, the *Soul* being full of thought, and crowded with *Passion*, does not easily move at the *meer glittering* of a *Similitude*. To

To return to those *Antients*, from whom our Discourse has insensibly strayed, and that we may do 'em Justice, we must confess, that they have *succeeded* much better in *expressing* the *Qualities* of their *Heroes*, than in describing the *Magnificence* of great *Kings*. A *confus'd Idea*, of the *Glories* of *Babylon*, did rather *spoil* than *exalt* their *Imagination*: But their *Wit* could not commit any *mistake* as to *Strength*, *Constancy*, *Justice* and *Wisdom*, whereof they had evermore *Examples* before their *Eyes*. Their sense being disengag'd from *Pride*, in a *mean sort* of *Common-wealth*, left their *Reason* more free to consider *Men by themselves*.

Thus nothing *diverted* them from studying *Humane Nature*, from applying their minds to the *Knowledge* of *Vices* and *Virtues*, of *Genius's* and *inclinations*. By this means, they learnt to frame their

Characters so well, that a man cannot wish 'em to be more just according to the age, wherein they liv'd. Tho we may be satisfi'd with knowing persons by their Actions, yet Corneille did beleive, it was not enough to make them Act, he went to the very bottom of their Souls, to find out the Principle of their actions, he descended into their hearts, to see the passions form'd, and to discover what was most hidden in their Motions.

As for the ancient Tragique Poets, either they neglect the passions, to keep closer to the exact representation of Passages, or else they bring in grave Talkers, even in the midst of pinches and perturbations, and will tell you starch'd Sentences, when you are to expect Despair and Trouble.

Corneille robs us of nothing of what passes, but brings every Action

Action into view as far as *decency* permits: Yet still, to his *Thoughts*, he gives all the *extent* it requires, conducting *Nature* without perplexing or abandoning it too much to itself.

What ever was *harsh* or *rough*, he has pruned off from the *Antient Theatre*: He has mollified the *horror* of its *scene*, by certain *tendernesses* of *Love*, judiciously distributed: But he has taken no less care, to keep up our *fear* and our *pity* in his *Tragical Subjects*, not diverting the *Soul* from those *true Passions*, which it shou'd feel, to those *little troublesome Sighs* which, tho' varied a hundred times, never cease being always the same.

What *Praises* soever I give this *Excellent Author*, I do not say, that his pieces are the *only*, that deserve *applause* upon the *French Theatre*. The *French* have been taken with *Alcyon*, *Sophonisba*,

phonisba, Marianne, Stilicon, Andromache, Britannicus, and many others, whose goodness I do not pretend to disparage, by not naming them.

I avoid, as much as possible, being *disgustful*; and I shall think it sufficient to say, that never any Nation could dispute with [ours] the *advantage of excelling in Tragedies.*

As to those of the *Italians*, they are hardly worth mentioning; to name 'em only is enough to elog a Man: Their *Feast of Peter* would kill the *patientest Soul upon Earth*, 'tis so tiresom; and never did I see it, but I wisht the *Author of that Piece Thunder-stricken with his Atheist.*

There are four or five *English Tragedies* where, in good truth, many things ought to be *retrench'd*; and with this *Curtailing* they wou'd be *render'd altogether exact and compleat.*

In

In all the rest you can see nothing but matter without form and digestion, an heap of confused events: And without consideration of places or times, without any regard to decency; their cruel Eyes delight to see Blood and Wounds and most direful Murthers.

Of these things to take away the horror, by *Recitals* and by telling Stories, as is us'd in France, this is to rob the People of the sight of what affects'em most.

Men of sense do disallow of this Custom, establish'd perchance on no very civil and humane sense in the Minds of Men: but it is an Antient Habit and way, wherein the Nations Taste in general takes place over the delicacy of particular Persons.

To die is so trivial a thing among the *English*, that to move them there is need of Ideas and Images more dreadful than death

it self: Upon which account the *French* do reproach 'em for allowing too much to their senses in the Theatre. On the other hand the *French* must take that twisting very kindly from them, in that they pass into the other extremity, when they admire such Tragedies, as have little fine softnesses, which make no very strong Impression upon the mind. Sometimes their Hearts, being very ill satisfied with a tenderness, which has been ill-formed, they seek for a farther emotion in the acting of the *Players*. Sometimes they will have the *Actor* be more transported than the *Poet*, and lend some fury and despair to a mean agitation and too common a grief.

In a word, that which ought to be tender, is only sweet; what is to Create pity, only causes tenderness: A meer emotion serves instead of a seizure, and Astonishment of Horror.

Something

Something, that is profound and searching, is wanting to our *Sentiments*. And the *Passion* being sought but by halves, excites only imperfect motions in our *Souls*, which do neither leave them in their proper seat, nor yet raise em up above themselves.

OF COMEDY

AS to Comedy, which ought to represent Life in ordinary and common Conversation, the *French* have altogether wheel'd it upon Galantry in imitation of the *Spaniards*, not considering, that the *Ancients* made it their whole business to represent *Humane Life* according to the diversity of *Humors*, and that the *Spaniards*, to follow their own proper Bent and Genius, have only describ'd and painted out the Life, that is lead

at Madrid in their *Intrigues* and *Adventures*.

I confess this sort of work, among the *Antients*, might have had a much more Noble Air, and more Gallant: But this was rather the fault of those *Ages* than the fault of those *Authors*. Now-adays the greater part of our *Poets* are as little acquainted with the *manners*, as they in those times knew what *Galantry* was. You wou'd swear, there are no more Covetous Rogues now living, no more spend-thrifts, no more good natur'd Men, of an humor fit for Society, no more People naturally peevish, gloomy, and austere; as if *Madam Nature* was chang'd, and *Men* had worn out these several Impressions. Now under the very same Character they are all represented, whereof I know no reason, unless it be this, that the *Women* in our daies have found it very seasonable, that

that there ought to be no *Crea-
tures* but *Galants* in the World.

I must acknowledge, that the *Madrid-Wits* are much more fruitful in *Invention* than the *French Sparks*: For which reason, the *Latter* have fetch't thence the greatest part of their *Subjects*, which they have crowded with *amorous* or tender *Discourses*, and wherein they have put more *Regularity* and *likely-hood*. The cause is, for that in *Spain*,—where the *women* are seldom or never seen, the *Poet's* imagination is spent in *ingenious* waies to bring the *Lovers* together into the *same* place; whereas in *France*, where a free liberty of *Commerce* is settled, the *Author's* greatest delicacy is employ'd in the tender and lovely expressions of *Thoughts*.

'Tis not long since [let me see] a *Lady* of *Quality*, in *Spain*, read the *Romance* of *Cleopatra*: And happening, after a long *nar-
ration*

ration of *Adventures*, to fall up-
 on a very curious and nice con-
 sideration, betwixt a Lover and his
 Mistress, that had an equal passi-
 on one for the other: God bless
 me, saies she: What a World of
 wit is here ill employ'd: What signify
 all these fine discourses, when they
 are got both together? The pleasant-
 est Reflexion was this, that ever I
 heard in all my Life: And Caliste
 too, tho' a French-man, ought to have
 remember'd, that, to Lovers born
 under a Sun much hotter then that
 of Spain, Words were very useles
 on such occasions: But this La-
 dies good sense would never be
 receiv'd in the Ordinary Gallan-
 tries among the French, where
 a man may speak a thousand times
 of a passion, before he can
 once believ'd, and be whole years
 making complaints, before he
 can meet with the happy minute
 of putting a period to his to-
 ment.

Molier

Moliere's Coy Lady is made a ridiculous Character in the thing it self, as well as in the *Terms*, to be loath to take the *Roman* by the tail, when he is about treating the serious affair of *Marriage* with her *Parents*: But it had not been a false delicacy with a *Galant*, to expect his *Declaration*, and what ever comes by degrees, in a procedure of *Galantry*.

As for *Regularity* and *Verisimilitude*, 'tis no wonder; we meet with 'em less among the *Spaniards*, than among the *French*: As all the *Spanish Galantry* came from the *Moors*, there still remains in't some relish of *Africa*, unknown to other nations, and too extraordinary to be accommodated to the exactness of *Rules*.

To this add, that an old impression of *Knight errantry*, which has the ascendant over all *Spain*, does bias the minds of the *Cavaliers*.

ers to mighty silly adventures. The Young Ladies, on their parts, in their very child-hood, draw in this Air from the books of Chivalry, & the fabulous prattle of the old women about them. So that with the same Ideas do both the Sexes fill their minds: And generally, the Men and Women look upon the scruple of an amorous extravagance as a pitiful coldness, unworthy of their passion.

Though Love, in no Countrey what-ever, takes very good and accurate measures, yet still this I will say, that it hath nothing very extravagant in France, either in the manner of it's making, or in the ordinary events, which it produces. That, which is call'd a true passion, has much adoe to preserve it self from being Laught at: For the People of Quality, being engaged in several cares and employs, never devote their thoughts to it, as the Spaniards do

do amidst the † *inglorious ease* of *Madrid*, where no *motion* is but what proceeds from *Love*.

† *Is the French Inutilité, which I render in Virgil's Language, Ignobile Otium. Georg. lib. 4.*

At *Paris*, the continual *hurry* of the *Court* ties men up to the *Function* of a *charge*, or else the design of an *employment* keeps them awake, *fortune* prevailing over the *Mistress* in a place, where the *Custom* is for a man to prefer what is his *interest* before what he *Loves*: And the *Ladies*, who are to regulate 'emselfes accordingly, have more *Galantry* than *passion*, and besides do make use of their *Galantry* to dive into *Intrigues*.

Very few are there but are sway'd by *vanity* and *interest* and so the concerns jogg on the better o' both sides, they interchangeably make use o' one of the other, they

they of their *Galants*, and their *Galants* of them, to get their own ends.

Love never fails of intruding into the *Company* of this Interest, but he seldom becomes it's *Head* or *Master*. For the conduct, which Men are oblig'd to keep in their *Affairs*, does adapt and fashion em to some regularity in their *Pleasures*, or at least distances them from any *Extravagant Actions*.

In Spain to Live, is to Love: What they call Love in France, is only to talk of Love [in propriety of speaking] and to mix vain *Galantries* with the sentiments of *Ambition*.

These differences being considered, no Man can think it strange, that the *Spanish Comedy* which is nothing else but the representation of their *Adventures* shou'd have as little regularity as the *Adventures* themselves; no

an

any more can he admire, that the Comedy among the *French*, which does not stray from their Usages, shou'd keep up those Respects in the representation of their Amours, as they commonly keep in the Amours themselves. I confess, good sense, which ought to be a Native of all Countreys in the World, does establish certain things, which in no part can be withal dispensed. Yet it's an hard matter, o' my word, not to allow much to Custom; since Aristotle himself, in his *Art of Poetry*, sometimes places Perfection in what was believ'd and thought better at Athens, and not in what was really the most perfect.

Comedy hath no more Privilege then the *Laws*, which ought all to be founded upon Justice, yet nevertheless have particular discriminations according to the different Genius of the People, that make them. And if a Man be

be obliged to preserve the Air of *Antiquity*, if he is to keep up the *Character* of *Hero's*, that are dead two thousand years since, when he represents 'em upon the Stage, how can he *not* follow the humors, and fit himself to the *manners* of those *now alive*, when he represents to their Eyes that which they do every day themselves?

Yet what Authority soever *Custom* is pleas'd to assume, yet undoubtedly *reason* holds the *Primary Rights*; but it *sexactness* ought not to be *harsh* and rigid. For, in *things* designed purely for *Pleasure*, as *Comedy* is, it is unkind and *troublesome* to enslave a Man to an *austere order*, and to begin with the *Rack* in *Subjects*, where we only seek for *diversion*.

§ Of the *Italian* COMEDY.

YOU have heard what I had to say of the *French* and the *Spanish* Comedy : I shall now tell you my *Thoughts* of the *Italian*. I shall not speak of *Amyntas*, *Pastor Fido*, *Phyllis*, *Cyrus*, and other Comedies of the like Nature. A Man must understand the graces of the *Italian* Tongue a great deal better than I do : for, tho I am charm'd with *Amyntas* perhaps more than any *Italian*, 'tis because I make a thorough passage into the Poets mind, and apprehend the things more sharply than the *Verses*. On the other hand, in this discourse I design to speak of Comedy, as it is ordinarily seen upon the Stage. That which is bewn up and down in *France*, of the *Italian* Theatre, is not properly

perly Comedy, since it has not a
Platform; the subject has no *liga-*
ment to tie the parts together;
 nothing of *Character* is well kept,
 nor of *Composition*, whereby a
happy wit is well guided, at least
 according to some rules of art.
 But it is only a kind of ill-ma-
nag'd consort among many Actors,
 where every body supplies and
 provides of himself, what he
 judges fit for his proper *Person*.
 'Tis (in short and to speak in
 mind) a medly and heap of im-
 pertinent *Tuneable Words* in
 the mouths of *Inamorato's*, and
 cursedly foolish *Buffooneries* in
 those of *Zanis*.

You can see nothing of true
Judgment any where, but false
wit, which reigns either in very
 heavenly-minded thoughts, as *Sun*,
Stars and *Elements*, or in a
 affectation of *Nativeness* and
 plain-dealing, that has nothing
 of true nature.

I confess the Buffoons are im-
 imitable: and among the hundreds
 of Imitators or Posturers [if I
 may use such a word] that I
 have seen, there has not one
 come near resembling them in
 their *Grimaces*, their *motions*, their
 agility, their *Feats of Activity*,
 their disposition to change their
 Faces as they please. I know
 not whether the *Adimi* and *Pan-*
romimi among the *Antients* had
 any great *Advantage* over them,
 tho we read very wondrous things
 of 'em. 'Tis certain a Man must
 love such waggish jesting and un-
 happy Meriment to be really af-
 fected with what he hears. He
 must also be of a very grave and
 composed humor, not to laugh at
 what he sees: And 'twould be
 atoo-too-much affected moroseness,
 not to be pleased at their *Acting*,
 tho a Man of a delicate Ear
 would not take any pleasure in
 their discourse.

All

All *representations*, wherein *Wit* bears no share, are *troublesome* at the long-run, but yet they fail not to *surprize* and be agreeable sometime before they grow troublesome, as *Buffoons* divert a *Man of sense* only by *whiles* and *interims*. The *Art* is to put a stop to it in due time, and not allow the *mind* space to return to the *justness* of thinking and *discourse*, and to the Idea of *un-hypocritical Nature*. This *Oeconomy*, as it is *desiderated*, so is to be desired and *wisht* for in the *Italian Comedy*: For the first *distast* is follow'd by a new trouble much more wearisom; and the *Variety* instead of *refreshing* you, brings only a new sort of *Drooping*.

In few words, when you have been most *unmercifully* tired with the *Buffoons*, that have staid too long on the Stage, to compleat your ruin the *Amorous* hot-spurs appear: This, in my opinion, is the

the last and *utmost* Punishment that
 can be inflicted on a *judging* Per-
 son; and a Man wou'd have
 greater reason to prefer *ready* and
 immediate *death* to the *patience* of
 bearing them out, than *Boccaliny's*
Lacedemonian had, when he pre-
 ferr'd the *Gibbet* before that long
 and tedious *Reading the War of*
Pisa, in *Guicciardin's History*.
 If some one, that is *overfond* of
 Life can *weather-out* so mortal a
Lassitude, instead of *recovering*
 himself by some *pleasurable* diver-
 sion, he finds no *change*, but pre-
 sently meets with another *dread-*
ful bus'ness, which makes him
 despair, and think of nothing but
 a *State of Separation*, and that is
 the *Doctor*. To describe well the
 folly of a *Doctor*, I know, it must be
 done in such sort, that he turn
 all his *discourse* and *Conversa-*
 tion upon the *science*, wherewith
 he is *possess* [even in the *worst*
 sense

sense of the word;] and that he never answer to what is said to him, but quote a Thousand Authors, and alledge a Thousand Passages with such a nimbleness of Tongue, as shall put him out of breath: This is to introduce a fool on the Stage, that ought to be chain'd up in *Bethlehem*, and not rightly to manage the Impertinence of a Doctor.

Petronius has taken quite another way in his ridiculing *Eumolpus*. The Pedantry of *Sidias* is otherwise handled by *Theophil*, to whom the Praise is due of knowing how to form the most Accomplish'd character, that is bestow'd upon this sort of Pedants. That of *Charicides* in *Moliere's Facheux* is altogether just: Nothing can be taken from it without disfiguring the Picture. And these are the Learnedly-ridiculous Creatures, whose representation would please the *Par*. Bu

But 'tis a bad divertisement to a Man of sense, this, to bring him a *Wretched Doctor*, whom *Books* have made a fool, and who ought very carefully to be lockt up (as I said) lest the World should see the weak and mean estate of *Mans* Condition, and the Misery of humane nature.

Now, that I may not stretch too far my *Observations* on the *Italian Comedy*, and to sum up all, I have display'd, in a few words; I say that, instead of agreeable *Lovers*, you have only affected *dis-courfers* about Love; instead of natural *Comedians*, incomparable *Buffoons*, but always *Buffoons*; and instead of ridiculous *Doctors*, poor little *Insensate School-masters*. Not one *Person* is there, but is clearly over-done; that of *Pantase* only excepted, who is the *Creast* taken notice of in the Play, and yet the only thing, that does

not out go the *veri-fimile*.

Tragedy was the first pleasure of the *Ancient Republick*; and the old *Romans*, being Masters only of a severe and *stern Vertue*, went to the *Theatre* with no other design than to fortify their natural courage, and to acquire and entertain rugged and austere *Habitudes* of Mind. When they began to add a *sweetness* of Wit in *Conversation* to a force and *Vigor* of Soul in great things; they also took a *delight* in *Comedy*, and sometimes would have *strong Ideas* set before their Eyes, and sometimes divert 'emselves in *pleasing Impressions*.

As soon as *Rome* came to be corrupted, the *Romans* quitted *Tragedy*, and could not endure to behold any Image of the *Ancient Vertue*, [or *Valour*, for *Vertue* signifies nothing else,] on the *Stage*.

From those days to the last

the Common-wealth, Comedy was the Recreation of *Great Men*, the divertisement of *Polite Persons*, and the amusement of a *People* either *Remiss* or *Soft'ned*.

A little before the *Civil War*, the *Spirit* of *Tragedy* began to animate the *Romans*, by a secret disposition of a *Genius*, that prepar'd 'em for the dreadful *Revolutions* happening afterwards. *Cæsar* wrote one, and many *Persons* of *Quality* wrote some likewise: But the disorders being calmed under *Augustus*, and *Peace* and tranquillity Re-established, *Pleasure* was the only thing, they hunted after.

Then came *Comedies* into Play again, the *Pantomimes* were Men in vogue and credit; and *Tragedy* made a shift to keep up her Reputation. Under *Nero's* Reign, *Seneca* imbib'd fatal Ideas, which made him compose the *Tragedies* that

that he has left us : And when *corruption* was in full *Sway*, and *Vice* general and *A-la-mode*, the *Pantomimes* did utterly destroy both *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. No longer now had *Wis* any part in the *Stage-representations*, and only the *sight* did seek, in *Postures* and motions, that which might imprint *Voluptuous Phantasms* on the Soul of the *Spectators*.

At this day the *Italians* bless 'emselfes for being shone upon by the same Sun, for breathing the same *Air*, and inhabiting the same good Land, that the *old Romans* dwelt in heretofore : But they have e'en very wisely left that wicked rigid *Virtue* of those *Romans* to their *Histories*, and have believ'd, that they (*good Men*) have no need of *Tragedy*, to encourage them to those difficult things, which they have no mind to do. As they love the indulgent com-
fort.

forts of an ordinary and un-fighting life, and the pleasures of a Voluptuous one, they desire to form such representations, as agree both with the one and the other : And this was the *Origine* of the mixture of Comedy and the *Pantomimick Art* together, which we see in the *Italian Theater*.

All the *Actors*, that play now, are generally very excellent, even those that play an *amorous part* : And not to do them an injury, any more than shew them any favour, I will say, they are very good *Actors*, but have very bad *Comedies* ; and perhaps they cou'd make good ones, and perhaps they have reason not to make such. And one day telling *Cintio*, in a slurring way, that there was not *Veri-similitude* enough in their Pieces, he answer'd me, that, if there were more, I should soon see my good *Comedians* dye o' *Famine*

with their good Comedies.

§ Of the *English* COMEDY.

THere is no Comedy more conformable to that of the *Antients*, than the *English*, in what respects the *manners*. It is not pure and sincere *Galantry* full of *Adventures* and *amorous discourses*, as in *Spain* and *France*; but the representation of humane life in common, according to the diversity of *Humors*, and several *Characters* of Men. 'Tis an *Alchimisist* who, by the illusions of his Art, entertains the deceitful hopes of a vain *curioso*: 'Tis a simple and Credulous Person, whose foolish easiness is eternally abus'd: 'Tis sometimes a ridiculous *Politician*, Grave, starcht, and compos'd; who plucks up his Shoulders

ers, and pinks with his Eyes at every thing, being most mysteriously suspicious; and who fancies he can find designs hidden in the most common Intentions, and thinks to discover Artifice in the most innocent actions of Life: 'Tis a foolish *Lover*, a false *Bravo*, an unthinking great *Clerk*, the one with his *natural Extravagancies*, and the other with his ridiculous *Affectations*. Indeed these *Cheats*, these *simpletons*, this *Politician*, with the other Characters, being ingeniously form'd, are carried on too far according to *Frenchmen's* Opinions, as those of the *French Theater* lye somewhat heavy on the *Stomach* of an *Englishman*. And the reason hereof is, perhaps, that the *English* think too much, and most commonly the *French* think not enough.

In effect, the *French* content
C 5 — themselves

themselves with the first Images
 received from Objects : And to
 stop them at the meer Out-sides of
 things, an appearance almost al-
 ways serves instead of truth ; and
 what is easy, for that which is
 natural. And here I shall say, up-
 on the by, that these two last
 Qualities are sometimes confound-
 ed together very ill to the pur-
 pose. What is easy, and what's
 natural, agree sufficiently in their
 opposition to what is hard or forc'd.
 But when the French go about
 to dive into the nature of things,
 or the natural disposition of Per-
 sons, every Man will confess
 that they do not always easily at-
 tain their end : There is some
 Internal thing, something hidde
 which they would discover,
 they wou'd plumb matters a little
 deeper. In as much difficult as
 is for the French to enter things,
 so much hard a bus'ness do the
 Eng

English find it to get out: They never leave off thinking, till they become Masters of the thing on which they think; and when they comprehend their subject, they dig still, where nothing is to be found, and surpass the just and natural Idea, which they ought to have, by an over-profound inquiry.

To speak the truth, I never met with people of better understanding than the French, who give attention to consider, and the English, that can break off, from their too great Meditations, to return to an easiness of discourse and a certain Liberty of Mind, which we ought always, if it be possible, to enjoy. Men of the best sense in the World are the French that think, and the English that speak. I am insensibly casting my self into too general considerations, and therefore shall resume my subject concerning Comedy again, and pass

pass to a considerable *distinction* and difference betwixt the *English* and *French* sock: And that is, that the *French*, being tyed up to the *regularity* of the *Ancients*, refer all to one *principal action*, without any other diversity, than that of the *means*, whereby they think to bring it about.

We are all to agree in this point, that one principal event ought to be the only *scope* and end of the Representation in a *Tragedy*, wherein the *mind* wou'd suffer some violence in such *divertings*, as would turn its thoughts aside.

The *misfortunes* of a miserable *King*, the fatal and *tragical* death of a great *Heroe*, hold the Soul strongly chain'd up to these *important* Objects; and instead of all the *variety* in the World it is satisfi'd with knowing the different *means* that lead to this *principal action*. But *Comedy*, being made

made to divert us, and not wholly to seize us, provided that *likelihood* be kept and *Extravagance* avoided, in the opinion of the *English*, the *diversities* are pleasing *surprizes* and agreeable Alterations; whereas the continual expectation of the *same* thing, wherein nothing of *importance* can be conceiv'd, must necessarily create a *faintness* in our attention.

So that, instead of representing an eminent and signal *Imposture* carryed on by means that refer all to the same end, they represent a *Famous Cheat* with his *hundred* several *tricks*, every one of which produces its *particular* effect according to its proper *Constitution*. As they almost always renounce *Unity of Action* to represent a *principal* Person, who diverts 'em with *different* Actions; so they likewise forsake this *Principal* Person,

Person, to let you take a prospect *diverse* ways of what happens in *publick* places to *many* Persons: *Ben. Johnson* has taken this course in his *Bartholomew Fair*: The same thing we see in *Epsoam Wells*: And in *both* Comedies are comically represented the ridiculous passages in both those places.

There are other Pieces, where (as it were) a *couple* of Subjects do so ingeniously *commix* one with the other, as that the *mind* of the *audience* (which might be wounded by an over-sensible change) finds nothing but *pleasure* in that diverting *Variety*, which they produce. We must confess, that this is not according to *Law* and *Rule*: But the *English* are persuaded, that the *Liberties*, which are allowed for the greater *Pleasure*, ought to be *prefer'd* before such *exact* Rules, as every *barren* and *sleepy Author* can make an *Art*

of *plaguing* others withal.

To avoid *confusion*, we ought to observe Rules and *directions*, and to follow true judgment and *good sense*, which may allay the heat of an *inflamed* imagination : Yet we are to *undress* those Rules of all *tormenting* constraint, and to banish a *scrupulous* reason, which thorough too *close* embracing of justness, leaves nothing free and *natural* behind it.

Those whom *Nature* has sent into the World without a *Genius*, being never able to give it to themselves, allow *all* to *Art* which they can *acquire*: and, that their *servile* observation of *regularity* may not go without its due merit, they never forget to decry a *work*, which is not perfect *cap-a-pe*. As for those that love *ridiculing*; that take a pleasure in *spying* the blind sides of the *black Eyes* of the Town; that are delighted

lighted with *true Characters* they will find the *English Comedies* excellent and right for their *taste and purpose*, as far, and (it may be) more than any they have ever seen.

The *French Moliere*, into whom the *Ancients* inspir'd the *true Spirit of Comedy*, equals their *Ben Johnson* in admirably representing the *several humors* and different *manners* of Men, both of them in their *respective paintings*, keeping a *just regard* to the *genius* of their Nation. I shou'd believe that, in this point, they were as much out, as the *Ancients*: But we cannot deny, but that they had more regard to the *Characters* than the *main subjects*, whose *successive Inferences* also might have been better *tyed together*, and the laying 'em out *naked* much more *natural*.

§ OF OPERA'S,

Written to his Grace

The Duke of Buckingham.

IT's a long time, MY LORD,
 since I have had a desire to
 tell you my *Opinion* concerning
Opera's, and to write to you a-
 bout the *difference*, which I find
 betwixt the manner of *singing*
 among the *Italians*, and that a-
 mong the *French*.

The *occasion*, that I had to
 speak of it, in company with
 Madam the Dutchess of Maza-
 rine, has rather *encreas'd* than
satisfi'd that *desire*: Which I
 now do at length satisfy, in this
 Discourse, which I here send
 you, My Lord.

§ OF

I will begin with great Freedom, and tell you, that I do not much admire *Comedies in Musick*, such as we see 'em at present. I confess, their *Magnificence* abundantly pleases me, and the *Machines* carry a great deal of surprize; the *Musick* at certain times is very moving, and the whole thing taken together appears almost *Miraculous*: But we must likewise confess, that these *Miracles* and *wonders* are very troublesome; because where the mind has so little to do, there is an unavoidable necessity, that the senses will fall languishing. After the first pleasure of the surprize, the Eyes are busily employ'd, and afterwards are continually fixt upon some objects. At the beginning of the *concerts*, the *Fustness* of *Acords* is observ'd, and there escapes nothing of all the *diversities* which concurs not to make up the

the sweetness of *Harmony*: But sometime after, the *Instruments* deafen us, and the *Musick* is nothing to our ears but a *confused Noise*, where nought can be distinguish'd: Now, who can resist the tediousness of a *Recitative* in a modulation, which has neither the charm of *Singing*, nor the pleasant force of *Speech*? The *Soul*, being wearied out with long *Attention*, where it can find nothing to think on, looks after some *secret motion* in it self, that may affect it: The *mind*, that is vainly urg'd upon by impressions from *without*, lets it self fly at *Rovers*, or else is *dissatisfi'd* with its own *Impertinence*: In brief, the *Tiresomeness* is so great, that a man dreams of nothing but going out, and the only pleasure, remaining to the drooping *Spectators*, is the hopes to see the *shew* done very soon. The ordinary

dinary droufiness, whereinto I
fall at an Opera, proceeds hence,
That I never saw one, but it ap-
pear'd very contemptible to me, or
in the disposal of the subject, or in
the verses. Now 'tis in vain, that
flattered is the Ear, or the Eyes are
charm'd, unless the mind be satisfi'd.
My Soul being of Intelligence with my mind,
rather than with my senses, shapes in it self
an opposition to the Impressions
which it may receive; Or at
least, it fails to lend a willing and
agreeable Consent, without which
even the most voluptuous object
cannot afford any great pleasure.
A Foppery beset with Music,
Dances, Machines and Scenes, is
magnificent Foppery, yet still
its a Foppery: Its a pitiful mean
thing under glorious out-fides
which I look into with much un-
willingness. There is another thing
Operas so much against nature, that

my Imagination is *offended* with
 it, and that is to make the whole
 Stage do nothing but *sing* from
 the beginning to the end; as if
 the *Persons* represented, were
 bound most ridiculously, in *Musick*
 to treat of both the most *common*
 and most *important* affairs of their
 Lives. Can any Man fancy, that
 a *Master* should call his *Servant*,
 or give him orders for such or
 such things, while he is *singing*?
 that one Friend should declare a
secret to another in a Song? that
 Men should *deliberate* in a Privy
 Councel Singing? or, that they
 should *melodiously* kill one ano-
 ther in a *Duel*? This destroys
 the *Wit* of the *Representation*
 which, questionless, is Preferable
 to that of the *Harmony*; since
 Harmony ought only to be a
 meer *attendant*, and the great
Masters of the Theater have added
 it as a *pleasant*, but not as a *necessary*
 thing

thing, after all has been rightly
 ordered, which regards the *Sub-
 ject* and *discourse*. However in
 Opera's the Idea of the *Musician*
 goes far beyond that of the *He-
 roe*: 'Tis *Lovigi*, *Cavallo*, and
Cesti, that present themselves to
 our imagination. The *mind*, be-
 ing unable to conceive an *Hero*
 in a *Songster*, is wholly affixt on
 him that *sings*; and no body can
 deny, but that at the representa-
 tion of the *Palais Royal*, [we]
 dream an hundred times on *Bap-
 tist* to once on *Thesens* or *Cadmus*.
 Yet nevertheless, I do not pre-
 tend to exclude all sort of Singing
 on the Stage. There are such
 things as ought to be sung, and
 may be, without any offence to de-
 cency or reason: *Hymns*, *Prayers*, and
Praises, and generally every thing
 relating to the service of the *Gods*
 have been sung in all Nations and
 at all times. *Tender* and *dolorous*
 Passions

Passions are naturally expressed
 in a sort of singing: The utterance
 of an *amour* just in its birth, the
 resolution of a *Soul*, tossed and tum-
 bled with several motions, are fit
 matter for *Stanza's*, and *Stanza's*
 will do well enough for a *Song*.
 Every one knows, that *Choirs*
 were brought upon the *Athenian*
 Stage; and we must confess, that
 they may, with as much reason, be
 introduced upon *ours*. So that
 this is the distinction, which I
 make, whatever belongs to con-
 versation and conference, what-
 ever concerns *Intrigues* and *affairs*,
 whatever appertains to *Counsel*
 or *Action*, is proper to be recited
 by *Comedians*, and ridiculous in
 the mouth of a *Musician*. The
Greeks made excellent *Tragedies*,
 wherein some part was sung: But
 the *Italians* and *French* make
 stretched ones, where they sing
 all. If you would know what an
Opera

Opera is, it is nothing else but a fantastical piece of *Drudgery* made up of *Poetry* and *Musique*; where the Poet and Musician being equally rackt one by the other, do take a great deal of pains to make a dull piece of *Work*. Not but that you may find very pleasant words and very good *Airs*: But most assuredly you will at last be disgusted at the *Verses*, in which the Poets *Genius* has been mightily strain'd and confin'd, and the Musicians and Singers quite exhausted and spent by so tedious a labour. If I were fit to give advice to our Men of sense, that take much delight in the *Stage*, I should direct them, to resume our best *Comedies* into their hands, where *Dances* and *Musick* might be introduced, that would not spoil the Play. The *Prologue* might be sung with very pleasant *Attendances*. In the *Chorus's* a Song would ac-
nimate

nimate such words as might seem
 to be the very *Soul* of what is
Acted. And then, the *Epilogue*
 might be sung, or some *Reflection*
 on the greatest *Beauties* in the
 Play : The *Idea* and *Shaddow*
 might be *enhanced* and *strengthen-*
ed, and the *Impression* more cle-
 verly and *lastingly* made on the
Spectators minds. 'Tis thus we
 may find *satisfaction* for the *mind*
 and *senses*, while we cannot any
 more desire the *charm* of *Singing* in
 a pure *Representation*, nor the Vi-
 gour of a *Representative* in the
 softness of continual *Musick*. It
 remains still behind, that I should
 give some *directions* for all those
Comedies, wherein *Singing* is put :
 which is to leave the *main Autho-*
 rity to the *Poet* for the manage-
 ment of the *Piece* : The *Musick*
 should be made *rather* for the
Verse, than the *Verse* for the *Mu-*
sick ; it belongs to the *Musician*
 to

to follow the *Poets*. Order ; from which course only *Baptist*, in my Opinion, ought to be exempt, for his understanding the *Passions* better and sinking farther into Mens Hearts than the *Authors* themselves. *Lambert*, undoubtedly, has an excellent Genius, fit for an hundred several sorts of Musick, and all are well managed with a *Righteous* Oeconomy of *Voices*, and *Instruments* ; there is no *Recitative* better extended nor better varied than his : But as to the nature of the *Passions*, and the quantity of *Sentiments* to be exprest, he ought to receive that light from the *Authors*, which *Baptist* is able to give *them* himself, and not to refuse *direction* ; tho *Baptist* through the vast comprehensive-ness of his knowledge may very justly be the *director*. To my discourse I will not put an end without entertaining you with the

small

small esteem, the Italians have for our Operas, and the great dislike we bear to those of Italy. The Italians being altogether imployed about the representation, and particular care of expressing things, cannot endure the French should call an Opera a concatenation of Dances and Musique, which have no just Affinity, nor natural correspondence with the subject. The French being accusom'd to the Beauty of their Scene-openings, the pleasantness of their Airs, and the charm of their symphonies, do with much passive valour bear with the ignorant brutishness or wicked use of Instruments in the Venetian Operas, and refuse Attention to a long Recitative, that becomes troublesome by the little Variety, we meet with in it. I can not tell you properly what is their Recitative : It is something unknown to the Ancients, which we

may define a bad use of Song and Speech. I confess, I have found inimitable things in *Louigi's* Opera's both in the expression of thoughts and the charm of *Musique*: But the ordinary Recitative was extream tiresom, insomuch as the *Italians* did even impatiently expect those quaint Passages, that came very rarely in their Opinion. The greatest defects in the *French* Opera's, I will comprise in few words: They think to come to a representation, where they will find nothing represented; they go to see a *Comedy*, where no Spirit or shade of a *Comedy* is to be seen. This is what I had to say concerning the different constitution of Opera's. As to the manner of Singing, call'd in *France*, Execution, I believe without partiality, that no Nation can reasonably dispute with it. The *Spaniard* is admirably well dispos'd in his
Wind-pipe

Wind-pipe, but with his *quaverings* and *rowlings*, he seems to aim at nothing else than to triumph over the *easy Throat* of the *Nightingale*. The *Italian* he has a false expression (or at least tis *overdone*) not knowing exactly the nature or degree of the Passions: He breaks out into *laughter* rather than *Sings*, when he wou'd express some sentiment of Joy: If he wou'd sigh, you hear such *sobs* as are violently form'd in the Throat, and not such sighs as secretly escape from the Passion of an *amorous Heart*: At a *dolorous* Reflection, you hear the *Lowdest* Exclamations; Tears of absence become *Funeral-wailings*; and the *Melancholly* Man becomes so *sorrowful* in their Mouths, that they send forth cries instead of complaints in grief, and sometimes they express a languishment of *Passion* by a swoon of nature. Perhaps the *Italians*

have now made *some alteration* in their way of *Singing*, and better'd 'emfelves by a *commerce* with the *French* as to the *neatness* of a *Polite Execution*, as the latter have drawn *advantage* from them in the *Beauties* of a greater and more *bold composition*. I have seen *Comedies* in *England*, where there has been much *Musique*: But to speak of 'em with *discretion*, is impossible for me, since I cou'd not *fashion* my self to the *English Singing*. Too late I came to take a *Relish* so *different* from any other. There is no *Nation*, where appears more *courage* in the *Men*, or more *Beauty* in the *Women*, or more *wit* in either *Sex*. We cannot have every thing, where so many good *qualities* are so *common*: 'tis not so great an *evil*, that the *true taste* should be so *rare*; and certain it is, we meet with it very *seldom* there. But
those

those Persons, in whom we find it, have it as nice and delicate as any people in the World, escaping the common Misfortune of their own Nation by an exquisite Air and most happy natural parts. *Solus Gallus cantat, only the Monsieur Sings*: I would not be injurious to all other Nations by maintaining what an Author has been pleas'd to promote: *Hispanus flet, dolet Italus, Germanus boet, Flander ululat, & Solus Gallus cantat*: To him I leave all these cunning distinctions, and think it enough to found my Opinion on the authority of *Louigi*, who could never endure the *Italians* should sing *Airs*, after he had heard 'em sing at *M. Nyert, Hilaire*, and *la petite Varenne*. At his return into *Italy*, he made all the *Musicians*, of that Nation, his Enemies, by saying openly at *Rome*, as he had done at *Paris*,

that, to make the Musick pleasant,
the Italian Airs should be put into
French-mens Mouths: He made
very little account of French Songs,
excepting Beauffet's, which he
lov'd particularly. He admir'd the
concert of [our] Violins; he ad-
mired our Lutes, our Claricords,
and Organs: He was ravisht to
hear, the first time, the great
Bells of St. Germain des Prez:
And what charm might not he
have found in our Flutes, if they
had been in use at that time? This
is certain, he was mightily dis-
satisfied and dissatisfi'd with the
rudeness and harshness of the
greatest Masters of Italy, when he
had tasted the tender way of move-
ing, and the neatness and manner
of the French. I should be too
partial, if I spoke only of [our]
Excellencies: There is no Peo-
ple, that have a more slow appre-
hension both as to the sound of the
words

words and the mind of the *Compositor* as the *French*: Very few there are, that understand the quantity less, and with more trouble find out the Pronunciation: but after long studying has made 'em overcome all those difficulties, and they come once to comprehend what they sing, nothing comes near them. The same thing befalls 'em in *Instruments* and particularly in *consorts*, where nothing is very sure or just but after infinite Repetitions; yet nothing so neat and handsome, when the Repetitions are done. The *Italians* go deep into *Musique*, and bring their Science to our Ears without any sweetness. The *French* are not satisfi'd with taking away from the Science the first roughness, which smells of labour in Composition: But also in the secret of Execution they find a charm for our Souls, and something in-

it self so *moving*, that makes it's way to our *Hearts*. I had forgot to talk with you concerning *Machines*; so easy is it, to forget such things, as we would have retrench'd. *Machines* may satisfy the *curiosity* of *Ingenious* Men in *Mathematical* Inventions, but upon the *Stage* they can never please Persons of true judgment. The more *surprising* they are, the more do they *divert* the mind from its *attention* to *discourse*. And the more *admirable* they appear, the *impression* of this *admiration* doth leave the *Soul* the less exquisite sense and *tenderness*, which it has need of to be affected or *charm'd* by the *Musick*. The *Ancients* us'd *Machines* only upon necessity to fetch in some deity or other, tho the *Poets* were almost always taught at for letting themselves be *reduc'd* to such a *straight*. If a Man hath a mind to

be at any *expenſe* and charge, let
 him open his *Purſe-ſtrings* upon
 handſom *Scenes*, the uſe of which
 is more *natural* and *pleaſant* than
 that of *Machines*. *Antiquity*, that
 expoſed its *Godheads* to Poets, and
 even on *beaſts*; this ſame *Anti-*
quity (I ſay) as *vain* and *credu-*
lous as it was, yet did very ſeldom
 expoſe them on the Stage. After
 the *deſtruction* of their *Creed*, and
 Mortals truſting in 'em, the *Ita-*
lians, in their *Opera's*, *reviv'd* and
 ſetled, the *Heathen Gods* again in
 the World, and fear'd not to
 poſſeſs Men with thoſe *ridiculous*
Vanities, provided they gave a
 great *Splendor* to their pieces by
 the introducing that *false* and *daz-*
ling kind of wonderment. Theſe
Theatre-divinities abus'd Italy a
 long time: but at length being
 happily *undeceived* it renounc'd
 theſe *Gods*, whom it had reſtor'd;
 and it return'd to ſuch things, as
 tho

tho really they were not *exactly* true, yet were less *troublesom*, and such as *good sense* with a little *Indulgence* would not *reject*. In the case of Gods and Machines it has happen'd to the *French*, what almost ever happens to the *Al-mains* in *Gallican* modes; the *French* take up what the *Italians* leave: And as if [we] wou'd repair the *fault* of having been prevented in the *Invention*, we carry on the humor of a *custom* or mode even to *excess*, which they had brought in for *no good* in the World, but manag'd it with *reserve* and *moderation*. In effect, we cover the Earth all o'r with *God-ships*; and make 'em *dance*, and descend in *troops*, whereas they made 'em come down with some sort of managment to the most *important* occasions. As *Ariosto* outflow the most wonderful *Sublimities* of Poetry by his incredible

dible *Fables*, we out-do all *Fable*
 by a confus'd *Assembly* of *Gods*,
Shepherds, *Heroes*, *Enchanters*,
Phantomas, *Furies*, and *Devils*. I
 admire *Baptist* as well for his or-
 dering *Dances*, as for that which
 concerns *Voices* and *Instruments*:
 But the constitution of our *Opera's*
 ought to appear very *Extrava-*
gant to those that have a true taste
 of *Verisimilitude* and things marvel-
 lous, yet a Man runs the hazard of
 being cry'd down for his true taste,
 if he dares make it publick: And
 I advise others, when they hear a-
 ny discourse about *Opera's*, to keep
 their own thoughts secret to them-
 selves. As for myself, who have
 now past the *Age* and *time* of sig-
 nalizing my self in the *World*, by
 the humor of modes and merit of
 the *fancies*, I am resolv'd to take the
 side of good sense [as much aban-
 don'd and forlorn as it is] and to
 follow reason in all her disgraces
 with

with as much *Loyalty*, as if she had now her *first consideration*. That which *vexes* me the most for the *giddiness* of *Pate*, where-with Men run after *Operas*, is, that they will ruin the best thing we have, the most proper to *elevate* the *Soul*, and most capable to form a true *wit*. So that we will conclude, after so long a discourse, that the constitution of *Operas* can hardly be more defective than they are.

The End.

EPICURUS

HIS

MORALS.

MOST Men, no doubt, find fault with *Epicurus* and reject his *Doctrine*, not only as unworthy of a *Philosopher*, but as dangerous to a *Citizen*, imagining a Man *Vicious* as soon as he is of the number of his *Disciples*. On all occasions, they brand his *Opinions*, as opposite to good *manners*, and his name is blasted with shame and *Infamy*. Yet some *Stoicks*, who were his greatest *Enemies*, have not used him so roughly; their *Eulogys* accord not with the publick *Aspersions*; they have

have *combated* him, without *outraging* him; and the *Books* they have left us, still *speak*, in several *Passages*, the great *value*, they had for *him*. From whence then does this extream *difference* proceed, And why are we no longer of the same *Opinion* with the *Sages*? It's very easy to give the reason; we do not act like them, we make no *enquiry*, we do not *sift* matters, we adhere only to what is *told* us, without instructing our selves in the *nature* of things; we account those the *best*, which have most examples and *approvers*: And we do not follow *reason*, but only its *resemblance*; we retain our errors, because they are *authoriz'd* by those of *others*: We love rather to *believe* than *judge*; and we are so *unjust*, that we defend against reason, the *spurious opinions* that have come down to us. Thus this
infirmity

*Infirmit*y is one of those, which hath made *Epicurus* fall under the publick *Aversion*, and which has almost egg'd on all Men to strike him out of the List of *Philosophers*: They have condemn'd him without knowing him, and have banish'd him, without bearing him; they would not pry into the *merits* of his *cause*, and seem to have been afraid of his making his own *justification*. But in my opinion, the first and most reasonable pretence, that Men had to slight his *Doctrine*, was the life of some *Vicious Wretches*, who having abus'd the *name* of that *Philosopher*, corrupted the reputation of his *Sect*. These People have giv'n their *Vices* the *inscription* of his *Wisdom*: They have pope their *defects* into the Bosom of his *Philosophy*; and flock'd in vast multitudes to places, where they understood Pleasure was commended

mended. The mischief was, they did not thoroughly apprehend that *pleasure* and those *praises*: They rested satisfy'd with its *name* in *general*, and veil'd and defended their *Debaucheries*, and courted the *Authority* of a *great Man* to support the *Lewdness* of their own lives, so as instead of profiting by the good Instructions of that *Philosopher*, and in his *School* correcting their own evil Inclinations, they have even lost that which cou'd only be left em, namely, the *shame of tripping*. They are come to that pass as to fall extolling *Actions*, whereat they blush before; they have *glory'd* in the *Vices*, they conceal'd, & [in short] have follow'd without any shame the pleasure they brought along with them, and not that which was endeavour'd to be inculcated into them. In the mean while the *Wor'd* had judg'd upon appearance

and

ences; and seeing that those persons, who styl'd themselves *Philosophers*, were extreamly dissolute; that they made a publick profession of their failings, that they cited *Epicurus* to authorize their impurity, laziness, and gluttony: This same World made no difficulty of pronouncing, that this Philosophers Doctrine was most pernicious, and of comparing his *Disciples* to the vilest *Animals* in nature.

Epicuri de grege Porcum.

People would deal very unreasonably with *Epicurus*, and his *Faiths* would be in a very ill posture, if some had not been careful to put them to the *Test*, and separated 'emselfes from that multitude, which has ever been an

an *Enemy* to all Wise Men and

† *Sur l'opinion
d'autrui.*

† upon an alien opi-
nion condemned *Socra-*
crates, tho approve

of by the Gods. Thus they have
met with some, who have taken
Information of that *Wise-mans* Life
and without dwelling upon the
belief of the *vulgar*, or the face of
things, have penetrated farther
and in the result of their research
given Testimonies of his *Probity*
and the *Sanctity* of his *Doctrine*.

After due knowledge, they
Proclaimed his pleasure, as several
as the *Stoicks* virtue; that tho
taste was delicate, its precepts were
difficult, and to be debauched like
Epicurus, a Man must be as sober
as *Zeno*. And certainly its incredi-
dible, that a Person whose Coun-
treys erected him several Statues
whose *Friends* swayed the City
of *Greece*; who loved the *Worship*
of the Gods and his Countrey

good; who had *piety* towards his
 Parents, *Liberality* towards his
 Brethren, and *gentleness* for his
 Slaves; whose *modesty* kept him
 from tampering in the State, and
 Temperance made him common-
 ly only live on Bread and Wa-
 ter; its incredible (I say) that
 this Man should write the *Precepts*
 of *Lewdness*, or teach his Disci-
 ples the practise of the *vices* he
 naturally abhorred. On the con-
 trary, as if this excellent Perso-
 nage had apprehended, that the
 stile he bestowed upon his Disci-
 pline, might foster the *naughty*
 inclinations of several, and that
 Men might fall to *calumniate* his
 pleasure: As if he had foreseen
 the unjust Hatred of following
 Ages, and the *Lewd* Life of those
 who should abuse his Doctrine, he
 took care himself to make its *A-*
logy; he explained its great
 Thirst

* Comme elle Thirst and sobriety
 étoit sobre et and banished from
 Sache. the Garden, where
 he Philosophized with his Friends
 those, who abusing the name of
 pleasure were its corrupters, and
 who considered their own vice
 as the sovereign good of Man and
 tranquillity of Life. By no means
 will I that in this you pin your
 Faith upon my Sleeve; I will
 make him speak in his own per-
 son, and I'll show you one of his
 Letters. Thus he Writes to Me-
 necasus.

Notwithstanding we say (these
 are his words) that pleasure is the
 end of Man, we do not mean
 vile and infamous pleasure, such
 proceeds from the Taste and Gluttony
 this unlucky opinion is of per-
 sons that are ignorant of or oppose
 precepts and separate themselves from
 their Communion, or turn 'em in
 an ill sense.

So that you see, how careful he was of having a defence ready against *ignorance* and ill opinion; that he believed there were only those *two things* capable of *decrying* him, and which indeed were, [as we have already said,] the *only things*, which ruined his *repute* among the *greatest* part of the World. His very Life tho' *discreet* and *sober*, has not (however) wanted to be attacked by *Invectives* and *detractions*, but those who have written it, having recited the calumnies of his Enemies, have incontinently *refuted* them, and have not composed the *History* of that *Philosopher*, but at the same time they have made his *Apology*. As my design is not to *entertain* you with his *Actions*, but only to defend his *pleasure*, Ile * refer you to *Diogenes Laertius* for the relation

* And the Englisher [possibly with more reason]

as the Learned
Gassendus his
Notes upon it,
together with a
large account
of Epicurus
his Life, writ
by the same Fa-
mous French
Philosopher.

lation of his Life,
and content my self
with *Philosophizing*
with you upon the
Nature of that Plea-
sure, that has so ma-
ny *Enemies* ; and
we will examine
whether it be such
as to exclude, out of the rank of
good, and wise Men, those who
defend and follow it. *Living ac-*
cording to Nature, and not having
any sensation of Pain, is what Epicu-
rus calls living pleasantly. Me-
thinks herein there is nothing
to be *taxed* ; and such a Life has
no need of censors ; and there is
no Government so severe in the
World, as can disapprove any
thing in this position. Following
Nature is following Reason ; the
bounds nature has prescribed are
those of *Innocence* ; there is nothing
in nature but what is *just* and
quitable.

its own, that is to say, the *Golden Age*, the *Luxury* of others, that succeeded it. Do but hear 'em talk; They'll tell you, that *Acorns* were then *Mens Food*, that *Rivers* quench'd their thirst, that they dwelt in *Caverns*, that they had no *Cloaths*, which defended them against the cold, and that they follow'd *Nature* in all their *Actions*. I'll willingly own, that there was never such a constitution of things, and that *Men* were never reduc'd to the *Villany* of *Brutes*; the *Poets* have push'd on their *fiction* much farther, but at least they were willing to let us *understand*, that our *excesses* proceeded not from *nature*, that she does not advise us to them, and that it is not *nature* which says,

Alex Phasiacis petitiu Colchis,
Arque Afræ Volucres phœœno Palam
Quod non sunt fœviles; *And*

And that in fine, 'tis we, who
abuse the Gifts of Heav'n and the
advantages, it confers upon us.
 How then to live according to
 nature, must a Man abstain from
 the things, that are submitted to
 him, and of which he has appoint-
 ed him Lord? This I do not
 say, I rather say, we ought to
 use 'em, provided we use 'em ac-
 cording to nature. We must use
 things in such sort, as that we
 may be without them, we must
 be their *Masters*, and not their
Slaves; we must not grow *impa-*
tient for 'em, nor be cast down
 for their loss; lets enjoy 'em
peaceably, when *occasion* is offered,
 and not pursue 'em with disquiet
 and *turmoil*. There's no *condition*,
 but what's becoming the *Wise*
Man: So as I shall never blame
 a *Philosopher* for inhabiting a *Pa-*
lace, but in not having the power
 to be contented with a *Cottage*. I

shall not be scandaliz'd at seeing him in the Robes, if he has not the Ambition of a King; Let *Aristippus* possess the Riches of *Crasus*, what matter? He'll throw 'em away, when they incommode him; let *Plato* be at *Demis's* the Tyrants Table, yet in the midst of that abundance of delicacies, he will eat sometimes only *Olives*; We do not damn the Possession of goods, we damn their servitude; it is not Poverty will make us wise, it may purge away, indeed, the desire of committing certain faults, but there are others, which it cannot remedy. The *Cynicks* rags contribute not the least to tranquillity or moderation; Ambition follows *Diogenes* into his very Tub, and there it was he had the confidence to command *Alexander* the haughtiest of all Mankind. All that comes from us, will be indifferent, if we have

have *moderation* of mind, *that is* to say, if we are wise, and follow *nature*. Very true it is, that there is more *difficulty*, in following *nature* in *abundance*, than in necessity, and that the *Spurs*, which our *delights* use to try our *moderation*, are much more *keen* than those *adversity* employs for that purpose: But still there is much more *glory* in *surmounting* them, and the loss of *false joys* secures much better the *Possession* of *real* ones. We are not sensible of the *felicity* which costs us nothing, and for which we are indebted to *chance*; it must be giv'n us by *Wisdom*; and *trouble* sometimes must usher us to *pleasure*. A Man, who at the *Olympick Games*, should be in the *Lists* with a design to try his skill, if no body stood forth, might possibly be *Crowned*, but nevertheless, that would not render him *Victorious*. Storms and Tempests.

desires are what procure reputation
 to *Pilots*, and if *Penelope's* Chastity
 had not been try'd, some might
 have said of her, it only wanted
 corrupters: Wherefore, let's not
 fly the *World*, let's not fly the
Court, let's not sculk in the *De-
 serts*, from whence *Philosophy*
 fetcht the *Primitive Mankind*;
 let's possess *Riches*, let us not re-
 fuse to enter upon *Publick Offices*;
 if we are *Wise*, we may enjoy
 these things without any danger,
 we shall Sail happily amid those
Rocks, we shall eye all this with
 an unconcern'd look: And if we
 be *script* of it, we shall testify by
 not looking back upon't, that we
 despise and were not wedded to
 it. It is a shame in the *Wise Man*
 to fly, and to be more feeble than
 such desires, which being unnat-
 ural, have no other credit but
 what is acquired them by opinion.
 This is [in part] the pleasure of
 the

the Epicureans, this is what they call, to live according to nature: This is their *Doctrine*, and these their *Sentiments*. Consider now whether *this* Opinion merits our *odium*, and see whether we have reason to *despise* it; Whether their Pleasure *Pimps* to Debaucheries and Excesses, and whether there be any thing more *sober* or more *Chast*? Ask you me Epicurus, what is it to live *voluntuously*? He will answer you, *that it is not the having a fondness for Worldly concerns; that it is resisting evil desires, contemning Honour, getting the Mastery of Fortune, and that it is (in a word) possessing absolutely Peace and Repose of Mind*. Hereat are levelled all his *Precepts*; here you meet with *pleasure*, and here it is indeed, we ought to seek it, not in the *satisfaction* of the *senses*, nor in the *emotion* of the *Appetites*. It is too

pure to depend on the *body*, it
 depends on the *Intellectual* part:
reason is its *Mistress*, *reason* is its
rule, the *senses* are only its *Minis-*
ters: And besides, what *delights*
 soever we may hope for in in-
 dulg^{ing} a revelling *Palace*, in the
Pleasures of the *sight*, in *Perfumes*
 and *Musick*, if we do not ap-
 proach these things with a calm
 mind, we shall be *deceived*, we
 shall fall under the delusion of a
false joy, and take the *shadow* of
Pleasure for its *real* body. We
 will burn [if you please] all the
Wood of Arabia the happy; we
 will closet up our selves with *Ve-*
nus, we will live on *Nectar* and
Ambrosia; we will enjoy the
Pleasure the *Poets* have imagin'd;
 all this will prove bitter, if we
 are under *disquiet*; and our *Pet-*
vishtness will force us to *complain* in
 the midst of these *delights*. I'll
 give you an *instance* of this *Asser-*
tion.

tion, and shew you, how much a
 Man is *uncapable* of *Pleasure*,
 when his *mind* is in *trouble*. You
 have read of the *Feast*, which
Tigellinus made *Nero*; and you
 may remember that great *De-*
bauch the Renown of whose Lux-
 ury has lasted to our Age. It
 seems to have been the last *effort*
 of *sumptuousness* and *delicacy*, and
 that sensuality has not been able
 to make any farther Progress.
Agrippa's Pond was pitcht on for
 this extraordinary repast, it was
 made upon a stately *Barge*, which
 being drawn by a great many o-
 thers seemed of it self *insensibly*
 to move: All these Barges ap-
 peared enrich'd with *Gold* and
Ivory. Many lovely *Yonchs*
 were the *Rowers*, or rather so
 many *Cupids*. The tast knew no
Fowle, but what it was furnished
 with at that *entertainment*: The
Ocean provided it with *Fish*, and
 the

the Provinces of the Empire with *diversity* of Meats. In short, all appeared with huge daintiness and abundance. I omit speaking of the infamous Houses erected upon the Banks, which were stock'd with Women of great Quality; and I will forget the *Courtezans* there seen stark naked. The Night it self contributed to the Pleasure of this Debauch; its shades were combated by an inswary of Lights, and its silence agreeably disturb'd by the Harmony of several *consorts*. Would you know, what delight Nero took in all these things, and if he departed satisfied from this Banquet? You need only imagin, that he carried with him thither the memory of his crimes and the remorse of his conscience, and you will make no difficulty of concluding, that despair accompanied him to that Entertainment, that

he there felt the *Penitential Whip*:
 and that tho' his *outside* had the
 face of a triumph, he acted in his
 mind a *Bloody Tragedy*. If he had
 any joy, it was that of the *Men-*
ades: He was obliged for his Plea-
 sure to his fury or Drunkenness,
 and his happiness augmented with
 the diminution of his reason. I sup-
 pose the same thing of all those
 of his retinue, for I imagin there
 neither *Seneca*, nor *Thraseas*, *Pa-*
rius, nor *Bareas Soranus*, who
 lived according to nature amidst
 the corruption of their Age, to be
 of the number of the Guests.
 Doubtless such only were present
 as endeared themselves to his
 conversation by a congruity of man-
 ners: Who egg'd him on in his
 crimes: Who were his Ministers
 in 'em, and before whom he
 ought not to blush at least, sin the
 resemblance of the wicked, hinders
 their shame. Certainly, such a
Riff-Raff

Riff-Raff were far from being happy ; there was no finding a sound *Man* in all that *Assembly* : Pleasure could not get admittance into those *Bosoms*, which excesses had intirely possessed.

*Quemvis media erue Turba,
Aut ob avaritiam aut misera an-
(bitione) laborat ;
Hic Nuptiarum insanit amoribus, hic
(Puerorum*

In short , they were assaulted with all the ill passions, which destroy the repose of mind, and by consequence, were not in a State of relishing the Pleasure, we approve. I could wish that the *Philosopher* had been present at this *Debauch*, and that in the Eyes of the universe he had told his opinion ; I am sure he'd have declar'd the truth before *Nero's* Face : He would not have dreaded death, which he held indiffe-

rent

vent, and I imagin in *this manner*
he'd have *spoken* :

' Oh *Wretched Prince* ! How
' art thou *mistaken* in believing,
' that *pleasure* is found in thy *ex-*
' *cesses* ! It is as far *remote* from
' 'em as thou art from *Lifes true*
' *happinefs*. Thou *dragg'st* thy
' *unhappinefs* along in all places,
' where thou go'st, and do what
' thou wilt, thou *can'st* not *sculk*
' one moment from thy *consci-*
' *ence*. Thou may'st cover thy *Ta-*
' *ble* with *Meats* still more *preci-*
' *ous* than those it abounds with ;
' *tast* the most *delicious Wines* of
' *Greece* and *Italy*, *Sully* thy self
' afterwards in all abominations,
' that *Debauchery* can invent ;
' yet *nothing* wilt thou find in all
' *this* to afford thee *satisfaction* ;
' and tho thy *body* were fill'd, thy
' *mind* wou'd still be in quest
' of *Pleasure*. *These* are not the
' things

things, which render Life happy; tis only Prudence, which composes the *sovereign good*; tis she alone which will teach thee to regulate thy desires according to NATURE, and in this Rule it is thou wilt find what thou canst not meet with in thy disorders; If any thing be wanting, turn thy Eyes towards that common Mother, she will give thee wherewith easily to content thee. Art thou thirsty? She has every where plac'd Rivers and Springs, where thou mayst quench thy Thirst. Hungry? Places, where thou wilt find Fruits to live on. If thou art not satisfy'd with these things, thou wilt never be satisfy'd with all thy Excesses. Consult thy Hunger and thy Thirst, they will make thee find delights in the simplicity of nature; and Bread and Water will serve

'serve thee instead of the best
 'Dish upon Earth thou canst call
 'to mind when thou art in neces-
 'sity. Now that thou art not so,
 'thou dost not give thy Stomach
 'time to digest Meats, thy intem-
 'perance daily engenders crudities;
 'it advances the hour of that
 'death, which *Flodgoblins* thee
 'with so many apprehensions. Thus
 'thou makest Feasts without their
 'affording thee any Pleasures, be-
 'cause thou constrain'st thy Na-
 'ture, forcing it to obey thy De-
 'sires: But know, thy Desires
 'interfere with thy Nature, and
 'the overflowings of thy Mind
 'darken the light of thy Reason;
 'wherefore, do not flatter thy
 'self with casting the Pleasures
 'thou imagin'st: There's nothing
 'bounded but in nature; all that
 'is repugnant to nature is infinite,
 'and consequently, above us.
 'Ambitious Subjects aspire to
 'Crownes

' *Crowns* : If they became *Kings*,
 ' they wou'd be the *sole Monarchs*
 ' of the *World* : Being *Monarchs*,
 ' they'd wish for *Incense* and
 ' *Sacrifices*, and the *Fable* of the
 ' *Gyants* informs us, that the *Earth*
 ' has dar'd to pretend to *Heaven's*
 ' *Dominion*. It is so with other bad
 ' desires, no body can be happy
 ' but he who knows how to regu-
 ' late his desires. And as it only
 ' belongs to the *Wise Man* to un-
 ' dertake that Province, so it
 ' only belongs to him to command
 ' the universe. Only he can extract
 ' Pleasure out of all these things
 ' and he alone uses Delights so-
 ' berly, and despises them in
 ' their Possession. For thy part
 ' who dishonourest the race of *Ad-*
 ' *gustus*, and art the Infamy of hu-
 ' man kind, over whom the an-
 ' ger of the Gods has given thee
 ' the command, do what thou
 ' list, thou wilt ever be un-
 ' happy.

'happy? thy grief will *backney*
 'thee at *all moments*, and in *all*
 'places: Thou wilt never *steal*
 'one minute from thy *conscience* :
 'And in the midst of thy good
 'cheer, thou wilt drink no *Wine*,
 'but what will represent to thee
 'the *Innocent's Blood*, which thy *cru-*
 'elty has shed on such or such an
 'occasion. This is [if I be not mis-
 'taken] what *Epicurus* wou'd have
 'said; this is what he wou'd have
 'alleged in *Justification* of his *Phi-*
 'losophy; and thus wou'd he have
 'reprov'd the Emperours *Enormi-*
 'ties. But forasmuch as that 'tis
 'impossible; that the *mind* [the *Arbi-*
 'ter of *Pleasure*] should enjoy per-
 'fect pleasure, if the *body* its *Mi-*
 'nister endures any torment ; *Epicu-*
 'rus or rather *truth* teaches, that
 'the privation of corporal pain, is
 'necessary to the composition of
 'that *summum bonum*, which the
 'treasure of the *Sages* does produce.
 And

And in truth, the *alliance* between the *mind* and the *flesh* is so close, that it's very difficult to separate their pleasures and their sufferings. The *mind* can scarce be soveraignly happy, while *Maladies* afflict the *Body*: The *mind* can scarce think of joy, while the violence of pain tears from it complaints, or can the *mind* be sensible of pleasure, as long as it is in all parts, that undergo the faults of pain? Let the *Stoics* boast as high as they please, of their *insensibility* of their *Sect*, and their *rigorous virtue*, which makes mock of pain, they'll find their *body* does not colten with their opinion, and that tho their discourses be magnificent & sublime, yet they are neither according to truth or *humane nature*. I will not propose my *Proposition* with the example of the *Mobile* of those Philosophers. I will not make use of a *Nature*

they may scruple to receive, nor pitch on a Man, whose virtues may seem suspected by them. Hercules alone shall bear testimony of what I urge; that Hercules, who is plac'd among the Gods, whom so many labours have rendred Famous, and the Poets made choice of, for a perfect model of the force of their Wisdom. What if we take a view a while of that Hero dying, and consider the last actions of his Life? That Invincible Mans Conquer will be doubtless like his entrance, Illustrious in performing something Heroick. Certainly he will say nothing as may dishonour his Noble Actions, or seem unworthy of his former virtue. The strength of his pain gets the mastery over his courage: His constancy yields to the ardour of the Vendem, which devours him; he does not only complain, he weeps, he cries, he howls:

At:

*At circum gemunt petra,
Locrorum & alta Eubææ
Promontoria.*

And 'tis with the last effects of
rage and *despair*, that he *departs* out
of this *Life* to take his place among
the *Gods*. Therefore, let the *Stoicks*
rank themselves in our party, and
let 'em tattle no longer of their
insensibility, nor foist on us, that
the *Wise man* may be happy amidst
Tortures, and let 'em not despise
pain, to which *Hercules* himself
was constrain'd to submit so many
victories. But if it be answer'd
that the *Poets* were to blame for
representing *Hercules* in this man-
ner, and that in favour of the
Hero, they are willing to rescue
him from the *Authority* of *Books*
and the consent of *Theatres*: *Po-
domus*, formerly one of *Cicero's*
Masters, and the greatest of our
the *Stoicks* (for so he is stil'd by the

that disciple) will serve us for an
illustrious example, we shall see a
Pillar of the Porch stagger'd by
a Disease. The *Gout* being the
Malady of that Philosopher, was
 likewise the *wrack of his constancy*;
 he endur'd its violence as patient-
 ly as an *ordinary Man* would have
 done; and tho he upbraided pain,
 that all it's *twinges pinches* could
 not constrain him to own, that it
 was an *evil*; yet for all this it afflic-
 ted him, and made him complain. It
 seems too that *Cicero* was choqu'd,
 or at least astonisht at this wisemans
 weakness. I have seen, says he,
Possidonius the greatest of the *Sto-*
icks have as little power to undergo
 the pains of the *Gout*, as my Host
Nicomachus, whom *Tully* account-
 ed a common sort of Fellow. And
 assuredly I am so far from be-
 lieving that true *felicity* can con-
 cur with pain, that I should esteem
 the action of a *Wise Man* to part
 with

with his Life, if he could not separate it from pain. And because the Memory of *Meconas* is in great veneration with me, and in my Opinion he ought never to be mention'd but with Honour; I wish, if it were possible, that those *Verses*, which remain to us of him, had been *fix'd*, and he had not inform'd us, that he was more wedded to *Life*, than *became* (I do not say a *Philosopher*, but only a *Man of Courage*. You cou'd not have offer'd him any condition, so he might but *live*, but what he would have accepted; were he deform'd, that's no matter; were he maim'd? he'd find some consolation in *living*; let him endure all the Torments of the most violent *Demons*, he'd still be happy, if they were not mortal; and tho you shou'd have sentenc'd him to the most cruel of *Deaths*, he wou'd consent to quit *Life*, provided

con

could keep it amidst the Tortures
of Extensions.

*Debilem suorum manu,
Debilem pede, sonans;
Tuber adstrue Gibberum;
Lubricos quare dentes;
Vita dum superasti, bene est:
Hanc mihi vel deura,
Si sedam Cruce, sustine.*

Without doubt, *Effeminacy*
dictated these Verses to him, while
he tasted all the Pleasures of Life.
He never had had any experience
of pain, and had he fall'n into the
condition he proposes, *Death*
would have been as welcome to
him, as a Reprieve to a Criminal
upon the Rack. It's easy by this
to understand that *Mecenas* was
superstitious; but no *Epicurean*, since
those Philosophers have too ge-
nerous a Soul to shrink to such fee-
ble sentiments; they dread *Death*
much

much less than pains, and sometimes renounce Pleasure for very pain. And the reason is, that Epicurus well judging that most Men being allured and corrupted by the fruition of pleasures, and suffering themselves without Rule, and blindly to be hurry'd away by the current of their Appetites, would not be in a capacity to foresee the pains and afflictions, which would fall upon 'em in consequence of those disorders: And besides, fearing that the love of ease and Easiness of spirit, joyn'd to the fear of pain and labour, might oblige them to be wanting in their Duties, and to render themselves useless in Life; he was of opinion that in the time wherein a Man should have full liberty of Election, and wherein nothing should hinder him from procuring his own satisfaction, he might abandon himself to pleasure,

give a temporary *Fare-well* to *Pain*: But That then are certain seasons, in which they must be *Friends* again, and during which the *Obligation* of *Duties*, and the *Necessity* of *Things* ought to constrain him not to refuse *Dolour*, and to reject *Voluptuousness*.

'Twas this generous Maxim, that made *Cato* of *Utica* his own Executioner: For, tho' he might have born himself up on the *Mines* of his *Party*, and *Cæsar* wou'd have been mighty glad to grant him his *Life*; yet, the shame of surviving the *Loss* of the *Publique Liberty*, and the *Infamy* of *Servitude*, would not let that large Heart even deliberate, whether he should choose the *Pain* of dying gloriously, to avoid the *Pleasure* of living after a manner, that seem'd to him unworthy of a *Roman*. This Maxim it was, that made *Regulus* to rent himself into the hands of his

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Enemies,

Enemies, where the *Cruelties* of his *Tormentors* were less sensible to him, than his *Remorse* would have been for having broken his word. 'Twas this Maxim, which making *Fabricius* to despise the *Treasures* of the King of *Epeirus*, made him also despise the evil desires, which follow the possession of *Riches*, and preserve to himself the *Repose* of *Mind*, the *sovereign* and *chiefest* of *Pleasures*. Lastly, it was this Maxim, that let *Cicero* o' declaiming against *Anthony*, to devote himself for the *safety* of the *Common-wealth* at a time, when he might have stay'd at home very fairly in *Peace*, and quietly enjoy'd an easie *Life*, and the *Delights* of his own *Studies*.

To this Maxim there are no *laudible* *Actions* but what may be referr'd: And what *Heroic* *Feats* soever those great men have achiev'd, you will find, that the

they have *run* towards *Pain*, it hath been to *avoid* a much greater, and *contrariety*, if they have not *glanc'd* upon some pleasures, it was by such an *Abstinence*, to acquire *Others* more *satisfactory* and *solid*. For, what other cause wou'd you have us *ascribe* to their *Illustrious* Actions? Do you *think*, they would have so *boldly* left this *Life*? That they wou'd have *turn'd* their *backs* upon the *possession* of *Gold*? That they would *painfully hunt* after very *dangerous* *Enmities*? And, not *consider* at the *same* time, if what they *did*, was *useful* or *agreeable* to them? With this *Censure*, let us not *bespatter* them: The *Effects* of their *Wisdom* let us not *impute* to the *unruliness* of their *Mind*, but *believe*, that they *consulted* generally *themselves* and their own *Intellectuals* upon their *Actions*: And let us not *state* them in a

worse condition than the most salvage of *Animals*, which are never transported nor troubled in such a manner, but that it is easie to discover, what is the *Aim* of the *Impetuosity* of their *Movements*. *Caro* forsook that *Life*, which was become his *Burthen*; he found it less grievous to quit the *World*, than to obey *Cesar*, whom he believes to be no good man, and he thought it more pleasant not to live at all, than to live in an ignominious slavery. *Regulus* return'd to *Carthage*: If he had not done so, he had been accus'd of *Perfidiousness*. *Fabricius* cou'd not be corrupted by *Pyrrhus*, in which he exerted his *Integrity*: He serv'd his *Country*, and in the single pleasure of refusing *Riches*, he satisfied himself more than if he had accepted all the *Treasures* of the *Universe*. In short, *Tully* gave hard words to *Antonius*, and declar'd

clar'd himself his *capital* Enemy: If *without* any reason he did so, he is *much* to blame: But, if at his own peril he had a design to *establist* the *Common-wealth*, and if he undertook *Marc Antony's* Ruine, to prevent that of *Rome*; as hereby he took care of the common safety of his *Citizens*, wherein his own was contain'd; so he, moreover, *deserv'd* the praise of all *Mankind*, and the love of the whole *People* of *Rome*. Those *Great-Men*, indeed, were not of the *Family* of *Epicurus*, and One of 'em hath even endeavour'd by his *Writings* to destroy his *Opinions*: But it's sufficient, that the *Authority* of their *Examples* is found in the *Doctrin* of that *Philosopher*, and that the *World* know, That it was not *Virtue* alone, which was their *Motive*, or at least *what* they call'd *Virtue*, ought to be styl'd *Pleasure*.

However, out of this School there have issued Spirits completely *Heroique*, who in a corrupted Age have perform'd as vigorous Actions, as those Antient Romans in the flower of their Republic under Neroe's Reign, the World admir'd the death of *Petronius*, as much as that of *Seneca*. The Emperour's Tutor acquired no Glory by dying, but what was afterwards bestow'd upon the Arbitrer of his Pleasures; and the common Sentiment was, that the Stoician who had always held forth and preach'd up a contempt of Life, did not leave it more generously than *Petronius*, who had courted all it's Pleasures.

In this place, I am bound, for the honour and sake of *Epicurus*, to retrace something of the Life and Death of this great Disciple: As indeed, it wou'd be impossible for me to pass by this point with-
out

out some *discourse* to you concerning it, and as you with a very *willing Ear* listen to the *performances* of *Illustrious Men*, you will not be loath to rank *Petronius* in their number, and take a *transitory* view of the *marks* of his *Wisdom* and *Generosity*. This famous *Epicurean*, far from resembling those *Sots* and *Debauchees*, who commonly *gormandize* all their *Estate* away, made *Profession* of a *Polite Luxury*, making *Pleasures* his only study. And as *Toil* and *Industry* confer *Reputation* on the rest of *Mankind*, he alone obtain'd it by a *gentle* kind of *Idleness*. Very free and very much neglected were his *Words* and *Actions*: And, for as much as they demonstrated the *goodness* and the *candour* of his *Soul*, appearing under the *garb* and covert of *simplicity*, with so much the more *pleasure* and *satisfaction* they were receiv'd. Notwithstanding

withstanding which, this *excellent Man* knowing well, that there are *times*, wherein the *Wise Man* is oblig'd to *lay aside* the repose and *tranquillity of Life*, to serve the *State in Publique Affairs*, did wholly *throw away* that *happy way of Living*, when he was *Elected Proconsul of Bithynia*, and afterwards was chosen *Consul*: And *acquitting himself worthily of those glorious Employments*, he shew'd by his *Application and Conduct*, that no *affair*, how *bulky* soever was too *unweildy* for his *management*. At the *Expiration of these Charges*, he fell again to his wonted way of *Living*, and then being became one of *Nero's* most *intimate Friends*, when though this *Prince* had very *bad Inclinations*, yet he was so much *enchanted* with *Petronius* his merit, that he made him the *Arbiter of all his Pleasures*, and fanci'd

fanci'd, that amidst the *affluence* of these *Delights*, none were to be accounted *sweet* and *pleasant*, but such as were approved by *Petronius*. [I would be understood here to *speak* of *honest Pleasures*: since he was so far from participating in the *filthy Debauches* of *Nero*, as that that *Emperour* was us'd to wonder, how they cou'd come to the knowledge of *Petronius*, who reproach'd him with them by his *Codicils*; so that he caus'd *Silia* to be punish'd, as *suspecting*, she had reveal'd them.]

From that time, *Tegallinus* eyed *Petronius* as his *Competitor*; and fearing, that by the means of *honest Pleasure*, he might do what *Seneca* was unable to effect with the *austerity* of his *Seet*, i. e. that he might reduce *Nero* from the disorders of his *Life*, and restore a true *Emperour* to *Rome*; he resolv'd to *under-mine* him, saying,

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there

there was no *establishing* his own Fortune but by the *ruin* of *Petronius*. Wherefore, he straightwaies attacks the *cruelty* of that Prince, to which all his other *Pleasures* yielded, and gave way: he accuseth *Petronius* of having been of the number of *Scevinus* his Friends, who had shared in *Pisoe's* conspiracy: He corrupts a Slave of his, to depose against him: He deprives him of all waies to make his Defence, and causes the greater part of his *Domestiques* to be laid in *Shackles*, under such *Circumstances*, a Man, less generous, wou'd either have flatter'd himself with the hopes of Pardon, or prolong'd his Life to the utmost Extremity. But he, for his part, was of a quite contrary Opinion; he thought it both a vile and a weak thing to support any longer the fatigues of Fear or Hope, and resolving to

die.

die, he contrives to do it, with the same *Tranquillity*, in which he had liv'd.

Thus, unwilling to part with his *Life* in a precipitate way, he has his *Veins* opened, and then bound up again, and still now and then taking off the *Bands*, according as his fancy mov'd him, he discours'd his Friends upon agreeable matters; not affecting to entertain them with serious Debates and starch'd sentences, by which he might pretend to the glory of *Constancy*. The last hours of his *Life*, by no means would he employ, in speaking of the *Souls Immortality*, or of *Philosophical Opinions*, but having pitch'd upon a sort of most voluptuous and most *Natural Death*, he chose rather to imitate the sweet fate of *Swans*, and had smooth and easy verses rehears'd to him, with *miscellanies of Poetry*.

try: Yet he reserv'd to himself some moments for the disposing of his Affairs: He rewarded many of his Slaves, punished some, and seeing the time draw near of shaking off Mortality, after having used a little exercise, he fell into a calm and gentle Slumber: So that his Death, which was constrain'd, might seem casual and Natural. Now, let men talk of Socrates! let them boast of the constancy and firmness of mind, wherewith he drank the Poyson! Petronius doth not yeild to him in the least punctilio. Nay, Petronius may pretend to the advantage of having abandon'd a Life infinitely more Delicious than that of the Greek Sophy, with the same serenity of mind and the same equallity of Countenance.

But that you may the better know, how rich and precious

the *Pleasure*, I defend; I design to give you the *Pourtrait* of a man who possesses it in perfection, and by depicting his contrary afterwards, to take away all reasons of jealousy and doubt, that *Epicurus* his voluptuery is of high esteem. Imagine then a Man in perfect health, possessing a good Estate; enjoying delights handsomly; having a mind peaceable and contented; tasting always and with abundance the most diverting pleasures of Body and Mind; not troubled with the presence, nor menaced with the fear of any Pain: What condition can you suppose more excellent, or more desirable than this? For, it is necessary, that, such a Person, to be in this State, shou'd possess a force of Mind-proof against Pain and Death it self; shou'd be absolutely undeceiv'd of the false Opinions of the *Vulgar*; should be insensible of impertinent Terroures.

Terrours and Scholastique Scare-Crows; not suffer the Pleasures to escape, which he enjoys; always entertaining himself in the sweetness of their Remembrance: And, this is to be at the highest period of Felicity, and to have nothing more to pretend to for the accomplishment of ones happiness.

On the other side, let us figure to our selves a Man oppress'd with all the evils, that can afflict humane Nature; depriv'd of all hopes of ever seeing them lessen'd or abated; sensible of no present Pleasure, having never tryed any past delights; not daring to aspire to the possession of future ones: And when we have acknowledged, that nothing can be imagined more miserable than this Estate, let us confess withal, that there is nothing more happy than the voluptuous Follower of Epicurus.

Now if you think this happy Man

Man, whose *Picture* I now draw,
 is no where else to be found than
 in my *imagination*, and that so
 perfect a *Felicity* cannot be among
Men; I must confess, you have
 but sorry *Sentiments* of our *humane*
condition, and of the *goodness* of
Heaven, and I fancy my self en-
 gag'd to retrieve you out of this
 error, if I would pass with you
 for a real *Man*, and to keep you
 from mauldering any more against
 our misery, and the *Injustice* of
Destiny. Thus then, I find, that
 original done by the hand of one
 of the greatest *Masters*, plac'd in
 the *Cabinet* of the *curious*est of
Authors, that ever Writ: It is
Felicity it self painted under the
 visage of *Orata*, for so *Tully* calls
 him; and here follows a faithful
Traduction of what he relateth of
 his happiness. To *Orata*, a Man of
Wealth, *Pleasantry*, and *Niceness*,
 nothing was wanting of all that
 can

can serve to live voluptuously, to procure Love, and enjoy an entire and a perfect Health. For he gathered very ample Revenues from his Noble Lordships: He had always many Friends very useful, agreeable, and diverting: He dexterously made use of all these things, to maintain a sweet solacing Life: And to say all in few words, his Wills and Designs had ever a success as propitious, and an accomplishment as favourable as he could wish. In this condition, I do not think, any thing cou'd be found fault with, in provision no change fell out, but that Oratio must be perfectly happy, if he can remain in the State, wherein we show him. And this, if I am not mistaken, is a *Pourtrait*, that bears assimilation enough to the first design, which I shewed you, and which you might peradventure take for *Crotisque* and a fancy of the Painter.

Let

Let us now seek for some *miserable* men in opposition to this *Orata* : We will *compare* him (if you please) to those *unfortunate* Wretches. whom we see upon the *antient Theatre*, the one of whom Judges himself too *criminal* to manage the *Grecian Scepter*, who fears to *dishonour* the Race of *Pelops* by owning himself a *Branch* of that *Family*, and who dares not *shew* his *Face* to *Mortals*. Or let us compare him with that *other*, who *beck'ning* to his *Friends*, that they should not *approach* him, *esteems* himself so *unhappy*, that he *fears*, his very *shade* may be *contagious*. Or rather, let's not call to *mind* *Atreus* or *Thyastes* : Let us forget their *Crimes*, whose *Memory* creates an *Abhorrence* ; and let our *Eyes* no longer *dwell* upon a *Family*, that hath forc'd the *Sun* to return back to the *East*, and has furnish'd Hell with

with one of its most famous Punishments.

Occule.

Noxiusdo obliteretur Pelopidum.

Let us rather choose *Heroes* and
People as wretched as the Progeny
of *Tantalus*. Let *Amphiareus*'s
Son come and acquaint us with
his being *Habgoblin'd* by *Visions*,
and his demanding *succours* a-
gainst the *Furies* that haunt him.

Oh Wretch ! What is't, I see
Whence come those Lamps,
Which seem to rise from yon
Tomb's gloomy Damps ?
Help me, defend me from the
burning Rage
Of this hot Fire : Oh ! It's dan-
ned heat assuage !
Night's ghastly Daughters, round
each awful Shrine,

W

*With blewish Snakes their horn'd
Miens entwine :*

*The direful hissings ! Now, they
me assail,*

*Now, now I feel their Flames :
No plaints avail.*

*The sound of crashing stripes in-
vades my Ears,*

*And stabs my drooping Soul with
thunder-pointed Fears.*

After *Aletheon* has thus let us
see the tortures of his Conscience,
and the racks of his Mind, let
Philoctetes entertain us with the
miseries, which he is reduc'd unto !
Let him speak, and complain of
his ill Fortune ; for truly, he
makes no distinction of Persons,
when he says :

*Poor Mortal thou, whom Winds
and Seas that roar,
Drive on the Isle of Lemnos sa-
cred Shore.*

Contemn

Contemn me not, tho' thus; tho'
me you find
Most solemnly forlorn of all Man-
kind.

View those vast Rocks, expos'd to
th' Firmament,

Where midst of sorrows, I nine
years have spent.

Hard Stones my Bed, of Glory
quite bereft,

Here far from Battles, far from
Lawrels left,

Debar'd the Freedom of the
Aer,

I snare the flying Fowl of fleetest
Wing,

And with their Plumes, I weave
my covering.

Let him then shew us his Bodily
Pains, when his Ulcer become
inflam'd: He despairs in these
Verses:

Has no Man, of you, pity in his
Soul,

*That his soft Heart may my hard
Fate controul?*

*Will none from this high Pyke,
this salvage Rock,*

*Give me one gentle and good-na-
tur'd Shock;*

*That head-long into raging Bil-
lows thrown,*

*My much more raging Tortures I
may drown?*

*There let me Bulge upon the boy-
st'rous Floods,*

*Until the Sea has lav'd me into
Suds.*

*Nothing is equal to my Pangs:
The Fire*

*Burns in my aged Wound with
Ulcerous Ire,*

*The great Vulcano to this
Mound, while I*

*In Flames, a Salamander, ne-
ver Dye.*

*Or, if these Misfortunes be
not yet sufficient, let us with O-
vid*

vid amass together all the *miserics*
of *Fables*, to wish them to a Man,
and then judge, whether his con-
dition be more happy than that of
Orata, or of that famous *Vatia*,
who formerly merited this Excla-
mation; O *Vatia*, you alone know,
how to live: And, consequently,
let us conclude with a like Excla-
mation: O *Epicurus*, thou alone
knowest how to Philosophize.

By all these vanities we may
know, that *Volupty* is not only
worthy of the *Eloges* of all Men,
but that it is their Sovereign good
and sole end. Yet in regard the
first Proposition makes the princi-
pal point of *Epicurus* his Doctrine
and that is the most true, it is
so the most contested. Having be-
gun to undeceive these Enemies
his, I must consummate my Doc-
trine and their Instruction, and
leave the truth of this Opinion
well established in their minds.

that no more *occasion* they may have to dispute it, but with extreme *Injustice*. Therefore, that they may be of this Opinion, I will only desire them to cast their *Eyes* upon *Nature*, whose *effects* are rational and certain *experiences*. They will not only find, that she *authorises* what I say, but she gives them such clear *Demonstrations*, that, unless they purposely *hood-wink* themselves, they will be constrain'd to *acquiesce* therein. Let 'em consider, what this common *Mother* doth in the *production* and *Birth* of *Animals*, that is to say, in her intire *Parity* and before her *Corruption*: They may observe, that she *inspires* them with the *love* of *Volupty*, and the *flight* of *Dolour*; that she conveys them to what is *pleasant*, and *dissuadeth* 'em from what is *hurtful*; that she *teaches* them (if a *Man* may say so) *good* and *evil*,
and

and when they attain the *former*, they *rejoice* and rest *satisfi'd* in it. For which reason, when our *Philosopher*, following the *Institutions of Nature*, pronounces, that the *voluptuous Life* is the *end of Man*, he does not trouble his Head about proving *this Proposition*. As he thinks, there is no need of the dint of *Ratiocination* to persuade Men, that *Fire is hot*, *Snow cold*, and *Honey sweet*, because these are *sensible things*; he, likewise, believes, that to apprehend the *love of Pleasure*, which may easily be known by *natural effects*, a Man need only make use of a mean *Animadversion*, and a simple *Advertisement* upon those effects.

However, tho' we have *natural* on our side, *that is*, an *infallible Decision*; tho' we fully perceive their *our minds* a certain *notion*, which *enclines* us to hate evil and pursue *gain* Pleasure.

Pleasure; tho the *beginnings* of our
wishes, of our *disgusts*, and of all
our *actions* draw their *origine* from
Pleasure and *Pain*; nevertheless,
because some *Philosophers* main-
tain, that *do'our* ought not to be
reckon'd among *evils*, nor *Pleasure*
among *Goods*, and because to es-
tablish this *Opinion*, they alledge
many *curious* things, we must not
so strongly *confide* in our own, as
not to stick to the *naked truth*.
We must argue in favour of the
Epicurean pleasure: We are to
shew, that *Reason* as well as *Nature*
authorises that *Sect*. And
certainly, if the *Philosophers*, who
found fault with this *Pleasure*, had
considered it well, if they had
viewed it, before they *attack'd*
it, they would have easily disco-
ver'd, that they were *mistaken* in
their *Enemy*, and that their *For-*
which ought not to have been bent
pur against this *pleasure*. That they
were

were mistaken in their *Invektives*, and rejected it only on the score of the Pains, which follow it sometimes; they might have perceiv'd, for that those pains did not proceed from it, that it is the fault of those who use it ill, and by consequence, they would not have decried a pure and clean source, for having found it muddied and defil'd by dirty Beasts. For, they must confess to me, that there is no Man in the World, that despises Pleasure, *quatenus* Pleasure, that hates or eschews it; that loves Pain as Pain; that follows or endeavours to attain it. But because those who use the most moderate Pleasures ill, afterwards undergo many disquiets and torments; and, on the contrary, there are certain Seasons, in which pain and labour do occasion exceeding great pleasures: This hath made those Philosophers (who had

had only consider'd the *Sequels* of a *Ill-husbanded Pleasure*, and of a *profitable and necessary Pain* to strike the former out of the class of *Goods*, and then set pain among *praise-worthy* things. But in my Opinion, they had acted much more discreetly, if they had *emulated* us; and if after having *accus'd* the *prophaneness* of pleasure, as the *Epicureans* do in their School, they had not only discharged pleasure from the crimes, by them imputed to it, but also had bestowed upon it *Encomiums* and *Crowns*, and openly pronounced in favour of its *Innocence*. For, under what colour, could they reprove a Man, who is desirous to enjoy such pleasures, as from which he receives no annoyance, and who will endeavour to avoid the pain, that brings him no profit? Let 'em, then, *quest* about, as long as they please, they will

never find the least shadow to condemn it: On the other hand, right reason will still force them to adorn it with the sublimest praises.

Now, it is time, to imploy all our forces in an enterprize, that needs them: Now are we to combat generously, that so we may acquire an immortal victory. The case is no longer the defending pleasure, or considering it as the chief good of Life. We must raise it upon the Throne of Vertue, which disputes with it that Title: And tho we do not chase that vertue away from it, whereof we make profession, we must constrain it to yield the first place to pleasure. And certainly, as all Philosophers agree, that the ultimate end, which Man ought to propose to himself in this World, is a calm and a pleasant Life, many of them are chois'd in situating this Life in Vertue and not

not in pleasure, and in making their applications to the Splendour of a name, that tops upon 'em, without considering an opinion, whereto nature her self compels their assent. And in truth if they wou'd consult and believe her, they must own, that those vertues, which they stile great, precious and magnificent, only seem estimable to them, in as much as they contribute towards pleasure, and that, consequently not considered by themselves, they ought not to prefer 'em before a thing, from which they receive their whole Value and Reputation. For, in the same manner we approve of Physick not upon the account of the Art, but upon the score of Health; and the Science of Pilots deserves commendation only for the usefulness of Navigation; we, likewise, shou'd not wish for wisdom, which may be called the Art of Life, if it

were of no use to us, and did not contribute towards our obtaining the possession of *voluptu*.

There is no necessity of repeating here, what that *Pleasure* is, or of designing you afresh, not to despise that Name, which Men have corrupted. You know very well, how severe *Epicurus* renders it, and you must needs avow that it is no shame for wisdom to veil to it, and thence to borrow its whole consideration. Also, on our side, we will confess, that without being a *Philosopher*, a Man cannot be happy, and that wisdom is the only means to attain *Pleasure*. In effect, the weakness and frailty of human nature, being afflicted with the ignorance of good and evil, floating commonly betwixt those two things, without being able to discriminate them, and often electing with joy, what is to be avoided with care, doth fall into so monstrous

shows a blindness, that Men in-
stead of meeting with the felicity,
they gaze after, shear off aloof
from it; so that they become
miserable instead of finding satis-
faction, and in exchange for the
Pleasures propos'd to themselves,
they plunge themselves into Pains,
which vex and torment them.
Wherefore, the use of wisdom
ought to draw 'em out of this mi-
serable condition: Its Candle is to
light them in such an irksom and
lonely darkness: Its power is to
redeem 'em from slavery and bon-
dage; from inordinate desires;
from inconsiderate terrours, and
from rash Opinions: In imitation
of Hercules, it must make them a
passage through so many Monsters,
and conduct them with safety to
Pleasure. Wisdom alone performs
these great things, like a faith-
ful and a generous Guide: She re-
moves the difficulties of the way

She points out to us. But it is not sufficient, that we do not ramble out of it, we must also in safety walk therein: And while the Winds and Seas disperse and drown the Ships, which Sail without her Steerage, others whose Rudder she hath taken in hand, pull into Harbour without running any Risque or dreading any Tempest. In this Port, it is, where the Wise Man meets with pleasure: In this Port, he reposedly contemplates the turmoil of the rest of Mankind: He discovers all the impertinent errors, which persecute their weakness: He observes, with how much busy eagerness they endeavour to satisfy their Passions: He sees em crow'd in multitudes, striving who shall advance farthest in Power, in Riches, and in Fortune.

Certare Ingenio, contendere Nobilitate;

Noctes

Noctes atque dies nisi praestante la-
bore,

Ad summas emergere opes, rerum-
que Potui.

And then, having consider'd all
these things, he breaks out into
this Exclamation.

O miseras hominum mentes ! O pec-
tora caca !

Qualibus in tenebris vita, quantif-
que periculis

Degitur hoc. A vi, quodcumque est ?

For his particular, nothing dis-
quiets him ; nothing frets him ;
nothing troubles him : But, he is
happy, he follows nature ; he en-
joys an accomplisht felicity ; and
in this state he offers up his Thanks-
givings to wisdom, the donatrix of
his Pleasure. Like him, we must
act, if we mean to be happy, like
him : We must know our selves :

into the *arms* of that *wisdom*, and endeavour to attain that *Pleasure*. We must stifle those *unlucky* desires, which rob us of it; They are *insatiable* and *dangerous*; They not only *minate* private *Persons*, but destroy whole *Families*: They pull down *States*; they create *Odioms*, *Divisions*, *Discords*, *Seditions*, and *Civil Wars*: They are the *Tyrants* and *Enemies* of those *Breasts*, that foster them. And if we put the *Poets* to a scrutiny and examination, we shall find, that by the *torments* of the *Damned*, they design to figure out those whom these *internal* *plagues* do afflict.

*Cui Vultur jecur ultimum pererrat,
Et pectus trahit, infimaque Fibras,
Non est quem Tytium vocant Poeta,
Sed cordis mala, livor atque luxus.*

Since, therefore, by the *fol*
aid

aid of wisdom, we can surmount them, as she alone makes us capable of resisting Fortune, and by her we learn all the means of acquiring tranquillity and a sedate Life; why shou'd we fear to conclude, that it is only desirable on the account of producing Pleasure and opposing Pain? The same thing we are to say of temperance, and only not desire it for it self, but because it preserves to our Souls that Peace, without which we could not be happy, and by the Concord it inspires, it appeases our troubles, and finds even Pleasure in them. 'Tis this Vertue, which always comes to the assistance of wisdom: 'Tis that which executes what the other doth only deliberate: And as that shews us, what we are to shun, and what to follow, this stops us, when we run contrary to the their advice, and when we give more credit to our

senses

senses than our *reason*. This is a *Bridle*, which holds us in, when we are hurried on towards evil *Pleasures*; a *Hand*, that conducts us in the road of true joy; and, in brief, a *virtue*, without which we can neither be happy nor wise. And truly, what avails our knowing good, when we are too weak to practise it? What signifies our seeing a precipice, if we suffer ourselves to tumble down it, and our giving the glory of all words to wisdom, when we rob it of all its actions? To this pass most Men are reduced: they conclude all for wisdom, but they cannot keep to what they have concluded. They know, there are pleasures, whose results are dangerous, and most austere-ly forbidden by *Epicurus*: But they make a mock of this Philosophers prohibition, and abandon themselves to the empire of their bad desires. They are like to *Phaedria*

dria in *Terence*, and they speak through his *Mouth* on the *Theatre* of that excellent *Comique Poet*. This *outrag'd Lover* acknowledges, indeed, he should do an *unworthy* action, if he came once more to a *reconciliation* with his *Mistress*. He declares here *ipso facto* a *guilt*, and himself a *wretched Man*: He frets terribly, and grows very *un-easy*. What then? he does not reform; he burns still with *Love*, and when he most apparently sees, that he stands upon the very *brink* of *ruin*, yet even then he perishes with *deliberation*. So that *Phadria* does want no *wisdom*, but he wants *temperance*. He knows, what ought to be done in order to his *repose* and *pleasure*, but he doth not practise it. He knows, what is *best*, and approves it, and yet he follows the *worser* side. These are *mens manners*, admirably well describ'd and expressed.

fed. This is the *image* of their *sentiments* and *frailties*. Thus without *temperance*, they cannot find *pleasure*. In *vain* do you *upbraid* them, that what they follow, is *irrational*; that it is *unnecessary*; that its *privation* produces no *pain*. In *vain* do you *index* the *Diseases*, *Dammages*, or *Infamy*, that follow their *enjoyments*. In *vain*, do you *menace* them with the *punishment* of *Laws*, and the *severity* of *Magistrates*: You can tell 'em *nothing*, but what they *knew* before, and what they'l *say* themselves. What of all this? Why, *still* they are the *Slaves* of *what* they as well as you *detest* and *abhor*, resembling those *Grecian Philosophers*, that were *allow'd* in an *high* and *mighty* strain to *talk* of such *virtues*, as they never *practised*.

A sort of *Men* there are *still* behind, who indeed are *no Philosophers*, but yet *dispute* with much

acumen

acumen and *vivacity*. These Men (whom we may call the *Propheters* of the *Epicurean Pleasure*,) will upon *no* account allow *temperance* to be a *virtue*, and loudly declare, that *happiness* depends upon the *fancy* and *imagination*. There is no *staying* to *contest* with unreasonable people: And the *greatest mischief*, we can wish them is, that they may live according to their own *desire*. Our selves we may barely content with knowing, that their *opinion* is false and horribly ill grounded, and that *felicity* is never but in the *desires*, which *temperance* brings along with it. For, it is not only a miserable thing to *desire* what is not *honest*: But also it is more advantageous, not to obtain what we *desire*, than to obtain what we cannot without *shame* desire. Inso-much that we ought to be of the *Opinion* of that Antient Gentleman

man, who judging of Comitty banish'd from Rome, while Manlius was Master of that City, esteem'd the condition of that virtuous Exal to be better than that of that bad Citizen. But in truth, those who study temperance, and manage the possession of pleasure so well, that they feel not any pain; these Men, certainly, may be termed happy, and merit the Title of Sages. Most durable as their pleasures, as being well regulated, and their whole Life being calm and ease, because it is innocent. They are far from pursuing inordinate pleasures: Their felicity consisting in a total abstinence from them. Nay, they go to meet some pains, that they may avoid greater: And from their only using temperance in the enjoyment of pleasure, they leave us to conclude, that temperance as well as wisdom, tend only to a more quiet possession of that pleasure,

pleasure, which *temperance* is in quest of : Not that it *makes* the pleasure, but it *preserves* it in us, by making us to *use* it *rightly* and with *Judgment*. You would peradventure be startled (if not troubled) at it, if prosecuting the examination of *Verities*, and referring them to *Pleasure*, I aver, that fortitude depends on it as well as wisdom & temperance ; & that that *Vertue*, which terrasseth *Lyons* under foot, which despises dangers, and could without any dread view the ruin of the whole World, produces nothing illustrious, but what bears a respect to pleasure, and proceeds from it as from a source. For, first of all, it must be conceded, that neither the labours we undertake, nor the pains we support, have any thing to provoke our *Stomach* : if we consider them simply, and separate them from other things : And that the care and diligence,

ligence, so frequently recommended
in *Life* and in *Affairs*, and the
force (whereof we are now speak-
ing) are never practis'd, unless it
be with some *design*, some *con-
no*, and for some *certain cause*. But
we must say, that *these things*
were introduc'd for the tranquillity
of *Life*, and we follow them *only*,
that we may live without *care* and
fear : with an intent to deliver (as
much as possible) our *Body* and
Mind from the *Maladies* and *Trou-
bles* which might afflict them, and
safely to enjoy that *indolence*, which
is one of the *compositum's* of *Epi-
curus* his pleasure. And indeed
how would you have a Man live
happy, when he fears death ? How
would you have that *Sicilian* find
pleasure in the midst of *Feasts* and
Musique, when all the while he
dreads the fall of that *Sword*, which
threatens his *Head* and *Diadem* ?
Is it not an extream misery to find
under

under pains, and yet support 'em
 basely and with weakness? Did
 not this debility of mind formerly
 make several to loose 'em selves, af-
 ter having lost their relatives and
 their Country? What was it, I won-
 der, that occasion'd poetry to Me-
 tamorphose Hecuba into a mad
 Bitch, unless it be, that the grief
 which overcame her, compell'd her
 to imitate the fury of that Crea-
 ture? Perhaps, if she had withstood
 her grief, or, at least, had endea-
 voured to forget the occasions of it,
 they wou'd not have made her to
 proceed from tears to despair, and
 from desperation to rage. Now,
 these are the complaints, they put
 into her mouth, and, by the repre-
 sentation of the wretched estate she
 was reduc'd to, and of that which
 she had lost, she fosters her mourn-
 ing Soul upon their Stage, and en-
 dles the flames of that rage,
 which was ready to seize her.

Under

Under the pressure sunk of heavy Fate,
 Alas, what can I do in this Estate?
 To what retreat can Hecuba now fly?
 What kind Asylum, or what Fort is nigh?
 Out of help's jurisdiction here I lie.
 Ilion's high Tower and City, where the Gods,
 Like Heaven it self, did settle their Abodes,
 Where they themselves with Vows and Offerings
 came,
 Is now th' insulted prey of the lewd Grecian
 flame,
 For lost these Treasures. Whither can I go,
 What hope expect, or what small comfort know
 When to Men Altars Sacrifices turn,
 And Deities their holy losses mourn,
 When Piety is Chaos, &c.

Afterwards, she calls to mind
 the beauty of her edifices, and the
 Riches of Asia, to augment both
 her own grief, and that of the
 Spectators: For who can remain
 unmov'd with her discourses.

Oh, dearest Country, or, my Country's Shade
 Priam's high House in lowly Ruins laid!
 Oh, Temples worthy of the Godhead's Eye,
 Whose frame with Godlike Art Men did devise
 I've seen your Fanes and wealthy Shrines
 bright

*With Starry Gems, that cast Celestial Light.
The Gold, the Ivory, &c.*

And, what Person can avoid being seiz'd with both *horror* and *pity*, when she proceeds in this manner?

*By mercileſs Flames all this I've ſeen devour'd:
I ſaw the Aged Priam, when he pour'd
His Royal Soul upon Jove's Heart in Blood:
Never ſo great a Viſſim it embru'd.
Dragg'd through the dirt I've ſeen my Hector's
courſe,
Without the Grecian's pity or remorse,
And to compleat the ſum of Funerals,
I've ſeen his Son thrown headlong from our Walls.*

So that I do not at all wonder, that the People of Rome ſhould ſigh heretofore, when they heard theſe *Tragedies* publickly rehearſ'd, and that my ſelf in reading them gush'd out into tears. Thus their ſtrength and beauty forced me to tranſlate them: And, tho' perchance I have injured both: Yet as in tranſlating them, I have imitated the

Antiente

Antients with some latitude, I have likewise *satisfi'd* such persons, as do not *understand* them, and have in *no* sort robb'd others, who *understand* 'em in their *original*. But in what language soever we *consider* them, it is *easy* to perceive, they *come* from a *mind* very sorely afflicted, and tho' they were stript of their *finest* Ornaments, they contain *sufficient* seeds of sorrow to create *pity*. *Hecuba*, indeed, hath great *occasions* to bemoan her *condition*. She had lost her *Husband*, her *Son*, her *Empire*, and her *Freedom*. If she beheld these misfortunes without bewailing them, she had been insensible, and we very *unhumane*, if after so many very *literal* losses we shou'd go about to debar her tears. But for that, when she has wept and bewail'd four or five *Handkerchiefs* for some time, we should not

unjust to prescribe bounds to her affliction, by regulating her tears and sorrow, and by *advising* her at length to oppose the force of reason against that of despair. Now some delicate and *Womanish* Man, that is affected with her complaints, might perhaps start in her defence, that those who would limit her sorrow to the first *motions* of her mind, would allow her her laments to the last minutes of their *Lives*, if they shou'd the afflictions, whereof they only judge. And, by consequence, they would prove, that our *Philosophy*, which only talks of *Victories*, would take wing at the sight of so many calamities, when it shou'd see them coming *head-mell* to overthrow it. To such a tender-hearted Man I wish a mighty deal of happiness, for, without dispute, if any mischance befall him, he would not forbear weeping

weeping most bitterly: Yet not
 unless upon *this* condition, that
 for this *kind* wish, he will give me
 a *dispensation* from believing, what
 he *sai*es, and not *exact* of me, that
 I judge of the *strength* of his Phi-
 losophy by the feebleness of rea-
 son. For, not *staying* much to re-
 fuse all those *Men* he may have
 corrupted [in case there be any
 such, and it be lawful, to hate
 such *effeminate* People *Men*] I
 shall content my self with putting
 him to the blush with two *com-
mon* examples. They are Persons,
 whose *Age* and *Sex* might proba-
 bly render extreamly feeble, and
 yet in their infirmity have that
 force and strength, which our ef-
 feminate Blade does not desiderate
 in *Hecuba*, and does even despair
 to find among the Philosophers.
 Let him consider the deaths of
Astianax and *Philoxena*, a Child
 and a Virgin: These the *Greeks*
 condemne

condemned both to *execution*. See here *Ulysses* advancing himself, holding the *first* by the *hand*, and walking *fiercely* to *tumble* him down. But, See ! the Boy follows him with no less *assurance*.

————— *Sublin i gradu*
Incedit Ithacus parvulum dextra
trahens
Priami Nepotem ; nec gradu sequi
Puer
Ad alta pergit mania.

Consider, that among *all* those who *accompany* and *lament* him, he *alone* it is, whose *Eyes* are *dry*, and who *refuseth* *Tears* to his *own* *Death*. Observe, that whilest his *Executioners* are *invoking* the *Gods* to that *bloudy* *Sacrifice*, he *Throws* himself down from the *Pinacle* of the *Tower*, from whence he was *doom'd* to be *precipitated*, and *voluntarily* him-
H self

self puts a *Period* to a *Life*, which had hardly begun its *Part*.

But let us turn our eyes to the other side: For, *Polixena* is already plac'd upon *Achilles* Sepulchre, and only expects the *Blow*, which is to appease that *Grecians* shade, and rejoyne his *Soul* to those of his *Fore-Fathers*. Admire her *Beauty*, which appears so sparkling and *Serene*; Her *Mien*, not at all *discompos'd* at the approach of *Death*: On the contrary, this *Sun*, which is going to set for ever, seems to add a new *Lustre* to the last *Beams* of its *Light*. There is also in her *Air* something more strong than her *Sex* & present *Condition* ought to bear. And indeed, she thinks it not enough to expect the *Blow*, without *Shunning* it: But, she sees it coming with much *fierceness*.

Conversa ad Ilium stat Truci vultu Ferox.

And

And, when *Pyrrhus* had given her the *Mortal* stroke, her last action seems still an action of courage, and she does not let herself fall upon the Sepulchre of *Achilles*, but with design to make its *Earth* more heavy, and even in dying to revenge her self.

Tell me now, if it be not a shame in *Hecuba*, to see her Children more courageous than her self. Tell me, if it becomes her to pour forth such an Ocean of tears, while *Astianax* and *Polixena* dye without shedding one single *Melancholy* drop. Tell me, if you do not think those persons happy, in comparison with that miserable Woman. Or, if you are so non-plust with the prospect of all these things, that you have nothing more to urge in her behalf, acquiesce at the long run with us, that she had too little courage in her calamities, and wanted *fortitude* to resist them.

them less *cruelly*. Now if it be
 true, that a *weakness* of *mind* is the
 only thing, which renders mis-
 fortunes *insupportable* to us; and
 which making us to leave the
Helm in the *sharpest* Tempests
 and *Hurricanes* of *Fortune*, doth
 occasion the *wrecks* we suffer in
 places, where with *safety* we
 might *plow* the *Billows*: Ought
 we not to seek *fortitude*, that so
 we may *use* it as an *Anchor*, op-
 posing it against the rage of *Wind*
 and *Water*, and *sheltering* our
 selves from the *barbarity* of the
Storm? Upon this *Pillar* we ought
 certainly to *lean*, which serves
 for a *foundation* to *pleasure*, joyn-
 ing this *Vertue* to *temperance* and
wisdom: And for the *living* in re-
pose and in the *privation* of *mise-*
ry, we must believe, that this
firm and *conragious* Spirit is ever
above *anxieties* and *cares*, seeing
 it *despises* *death* it self: And it
 must

must be so well prepared for pain, as to bear always in mind, that death is the remedy of the most violent, that the least have many good Intervals, and that it is Master of the middle and moderate ones. Which things standing thus, we are to infer, that we do not blame timidity and weakness, nor praise fortitude and temperance for their peculiar regard; but that we reject those and desire these, because of the former pain is the effect, and the latter skreen us from it.

So that, now, Justice remains only behind to be examined, and then we shall have done with the principal, which our Ethicks call the Cardinal Vertues. But the things, that might be said upon this point, are almost the same with the foregoing: And it is no less conjoin'd with pleasure than Prudence, Temperance and Forti-

trade, which can no ways be *with-*
drawn nor *separated* from it. And
 truly, this *pleasure* is so far from
 bringing any *damage* to our
minds, that it doth ever *nourish*
 therein by its *influence* and its
nature, such *thoughts* and *sentiments*
 as are *sedate*, and never
 leaves us without these hopes,
 that we shall never want any
 thing of all that *nature* desires,
 when it is *uncorrupted*. And just
 as *Intemperance* and *Folly* afflict,
 torment and trouble us incessantly:
 So *Injustice* no sooner *seizes*
 on a Mans *Treast*, but it initiis
disorder and *confusion* into it, rendering
 him *unhappy*, tho it should
 not render him *criminal*. But if
 an *unjust* Man does any *sinister*
 action, tho he *commit* it in such
 sort, that neither *Men* nor the
Sun are *privy* or can bear *witness*
 of it; yet notwithstanding that
 he is *sure* of its being *conceal'd*,
 and

and what *obscurity* soever the *shades* might have, which covered it, he is still under apprehensions of its being *discuss'd* by *truth*. *Suspicion*, commonly, follows the actions of the *wicked*, and then *discourse*, and then *rumour*, and then the *accuser*, and then the *judge*: And tho all these *fail*, their own *Consciences* will not fail to lay themselves open. Now if some Men believe, that their *Riches* and *Power* fortifie 'em sufficiently against *humane justice*, and set them above *Laws* and *Punishments*, yet they cannot secure their dear *Persons* against *Divine Justice*: They never lift up their *Eyes* towards *Heaven*, but their *Consciences* fly in their *Faces*, and give 'em horrible apprehensions; and they are still *phancying*, that those *piercing* *disquiets*, which devour them without *abatement*, are the secret *Executioners*

Executioners of the punishment, which the *Divinity* inflicts upon them. For, what *Power*, or what *Riches*, when they are justly acquired, can so much *diminish* the *irksomnesses* of this Life; but that at the same time the *remorses* of *Conscience*, the fear of punishment, and the *Aversion* of Men do the more *augment* them? Are there not many Persons, who cannot set bounds to the desire of being more *Rich*, of getting more *Honours*, of *Lording* it more *absolutely*, of *shewing* themselves more *voluptuous*, of *making* more *frately* and *delicious* Feasts, of still *propagating* more and more their *sinister* Sentiments? And do we not see, that how great a *prey* soever they may have *scrap'd* together by their *lewd* ways, all this instead of *pacifying* their evil desires, helps only to *enflame* them still the more, and these people have

have more need of being chastis'd by the *Laws*, than corrupted by *reprimands*? Thus, *reason* invites *Men* of a sound judgment to maintain the justice established by the *Laws* and *Equity*, which derives its origine from *Nature* and *Faith*, which may be termed the *Band* of *Civil Society*. And this very *reason* shews, that *unjust actions* ought never to be undertaken; not by the *weak*, who wou'd undertake to attempt them without *success*, nor by the *Potent*, who having compassed them, would not meet with *due repose*, nor the accomplishment of their desires in them: And, in short, it forces us to own, that *justice* is not desirable for it self, but because it procures us much contentment, because it makes us to be belov'd and cherish'd, which are two delicious things: And in a word, by these two means, it renders
our

our *Life* the more *secure* and our *Pleasure* the more *complete*. Now, if the *praise* of those very *Virtues*, wherein other *Philosophers* did principally employ their most magnifick *Harangues*, cannot find any *issue* but that which leads to *Pleasure*, and, if that *Pleasure*, which is the *end* of all the *Virtues*, be the *only* thing, which calls us to it *self*, and attracts us by its own proper *Nature*, we may boldly deduce this *Corollary*, that it is the *summum bonum*, and the most perfect of all the blessings of humane *Life*: And we can no longer *question*, but that that is the *truly happy Life*, which *Epicurus* hath taught us. O holy and severe *Pleasure*! O admirable *Philosophy*! By what *mischance* did Men come to *decry* thee! How hast thou been *abhorr'd* by many *virtuous Persons*, that did not understand thee! What has hindered their
 their

their *Eyes* from *seeing* through the *Veil*, that *their Virtues* are under *thy Dominion*! And how did they *happen* to *treat* then with *opprobrious terms*, when they are *obliged* to *thee* for their *Felicity*! But *happy* the *Men*, that have been of the *Wise Man's Sect*, that hath *followed* thee! *Happy* those, who have *imitated* him! *Happy* even those, who being born in an *Age*, wherein *several* believe, that the *Vice* and *Pleasure* of *Epicurus* are but *one* and the *same* thing, have had *sufficient* light to *discover* the *contrary*, or at least *sufficient*, *address* to stand up in its *defence*, tho they have not had *courage* sufficient to *put* it into *Practice*.

F I N I S.

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Annotations
ON
EPICURUS
HIS
MORALITY.

PAGE 63. *some Stoicks, who were Epicurus greatest Enemies, have not used him so roughly.*] I suppose he means *Seneca* for *One*, (tho he was no *Enemy* to *Epicurus* in his *Life*, what-ever he might be in his *Doctrin*) who in *many* places of his *Works* giveth him *high Commendations*. More particularly, there is one *Sentence*, which speaks
I mighty

mighty kindly in his *Favour*, and which *Gassendus* has plac'd in the *Title Page* of his *Life* of this *Philosopher*: But I cannot at present set it down here, the *Place* not recurring to me in *Seneca* (only I remember in general, that 'tis in his *Epistles*) and not having by me the *Book* written by that immortal *Gallican* *Philosopher*, whom this latter Age may boast of no less for his *Learning* than *Experience*, and who seems to have made an equal *Combination* of *Speculation* and *Practice* together. But I am heartily of Opinion, that all these good words, which *Seneca* gave *Epicurus*, were in complement to the rest of the *Great* and *Lordly Men* of his *Age*, who thorough the *Extremities* of the whole *Roman Empire*, were generally *Epicureans*, if they did at all hold any *solid* and *fundamental* Opinions.

Page 67. *People would deal, &c.*]
 In this place my *Author* infers the
innocence of the *Philosophy* from
 the *Life* of the *Philosopher*, which
 is no *conclusive* way of arguing.
Mr. Hobbs, no doubt, doth hold
 many *Dogmes*, which are repugnant
 if not destructive, to our *holy Re-*
ligion. Now, I cannot conclude,
 because his *Life* (I mean as to
 the greater part of it) for *inno-*
cency and *strictness* might be *pa-*
rallel'd with *that* of the *Primitive*
Christians, that, therefore, those
Tenents of his were as *harmless* and
meek as any those *Catechumens*
 did entertain. But, what-ever our
Author says upon *this* Head, is
 not so true of *Athens* as *Malm-*
bury: There is a *different* *Fame*
 goes about of every *Man*, and it
 belongs to our *judgment* to weigh
 all *sides*: *Epicurus* his *Friends* a-
 ver *this* and *more* of him, than is
 here related; But they are, un-
 I 2 questionably,

questionably, over-ballanc'd on the other side. However, as to Mr. Hobbs, I do believe him to have been a truly honest and sincere Man, who spoke what he thought, and moreover to be upright in his Life and Conversation, notwithstanding the stories I have heard at Bishop's Tables concerning his dealings with the foremention'd Gassendus.

Page 68. Some who have taken Information of that Wisemans Life.] But if they happen to take Information from his Adversaries, that dissented from him, or perhaps those that writ the plain truth of things, they will not present the World with such a fair History of his Life, as they find Epitomiz'd in this and the ensuing Page. They will find, that he stole every Mother's Son of his Opinions from Democritus and the Eleatick School, tho' afterwards he

he endeavour'd to *hide* and *con-*
ceal the *Theft* by *changing* the
Opinions in some *little* things :
 That he was so *vain* and *proud*, as
 to *exclude* from the *number* of
Learned Men all that did not *ad-*
here to his *Philosophy*, and did not
 declare *themselves* his *Seētators*,
 as *Plutarch* acquaints us : That he
 was of a *fierce* and *vexatious* *Spi-*
rit, would let no body *alone* but
rail'd at every thing, that *stood*
in his way ; most *contumeliously*
contending with *Aristotle*, most
shamefully Billings-gating Phado
the Socratick, and in several *Vo-*
lumes opposing *Timocrates*, the
Brother of *Metrodorus*, his *Com-*
panion ; because he in some *small*
concerns differ'd from him in *Phi-*
losophy. *Laertius*, indeed, on whose
Sleeve Gassendus seems to pin his
Faith, hath spoken much in his
behalf ; & to *vindicate* his *Reputati-*
on from this among other *Aspersi-*
 I 3 ons,

ons, that he asserted the *lowest* sorts of *bodily Pleasure* to be the *supreme Felicity* of Mankind, he says, that his *Scholars* did either *ignorantly* or *wilfully* mistake him. Yet, his *profess'd* Disciple and great Admirer *Lucian*, who *preferr'd* him before all other *Philosophers*, and *exalted* him at such a rate as never *Man* was *exalted*, unless *Lucretius* had the *management* of him) comparing him with *Aristippus* and *Democritus* his Masters, saith, that he exceeded them both in *Impiety* and *Luxury*. His *impioufness* appears, that he had the most *monstrous* conceptions of *God* and his *Providence*, that ever *Atheist* pretended to own, and that he *denyed* the *Immortality* of the *Soul*: All which *Metaphysicks* may be seen in *Laertius* himself. But as for his *voluptuousness*, we know that *Tully* an Author of much greater *Authority*

rity than *Laertius*, having objected to one of *Epicurus* his Friends his unworthy definition of happiness, quoting it in his own words, and reproaching the sense of it, asserts that *Epicurus* did acknowledge no happiness distinct from corporal and soft and obscene Pleasures, of which he us'd to discourse by name without blushing. He reports also concerning *Metrodorus*, who (as we have said) was *Epicurus* intimado, that he did scornfully disdain his Brother *Timocrates*, because he hesitated whether all things that belong to an happy Life, are to be measur'd by the Belly, and offer'd to shew *Velleius* his Books, if he question'd the Allegation. His Garden was not shut to Whores and Strumpets: It was a perfect Moor-fields, only I believe, it might be a cleaner place, and better situated: *Leontium* was the Crestwel, Famous

for her *audacious* Writing against *Theophrastus*, and the right *knack* of a *virtuosa* Impudence, which had *risen* to that *height*, as to cast very *foul blots* on the *impotent* Lust of *Epicurus*, when the poor Gentleman was now grown *deadly old*, in a *Letter*, which she wrote to *Lamia*, yet *extant*. It is recorded in the *second Book* of *Alciphron*, where the *Learned* part of the *World*, if they have any *occasion* for it, may find it *whole and entire*: I only think fit, in *this place*, both for the *honest* satisfaction of the Reader, and for an *Idea* of *Style* to our *Modern* Jilts, to translate the *beginning* of it.

Nothing, in my Conscience, is more hard to please, than that old Fellow, when he grows young again; this Epicurus, (O Laud !) does so mortifie me. He must be picking faults with every thing, suspecting the very Leaves of the Trees, that
make

make a noise, writing Eternal Love Letters to me, which keep me from his Garden. By Venus, if Adonis were now Fourscore years Old, Low-sy, always Sick, and wrapp'd his Head in a Fleece of Wooll instead of a Cap, I could not endure him.

These brief *Memoirs* may satisfie any Man, that has no mind to take up any thing upon trust, before he comes to read this dissertation, wherein the Foundation-Principle of the Epicurean Philosophy, i. e. That our happiness doth consist in voluptuousness, is with great Industry canvass'd, and to the great honour (greater perhaps than he deserv'd.) of Epicurus.

Page 87. *There is nothing bounded but in Nature.*] That is to say, every thing in nature hath its particular Limits and Circumscriptions, according to the threefold dimensions of place : Tho all things taken

ken together, i. e. the *Universe* or *natura rerum*, may have a vast and indefinite Extension, and banish the supposition of imaginary spaces. Yet, in things immaterial, and independent of matter and body it is not so: *Ex. Gr.* The Will enjoys an Attribute, next to infinity: There are no bounds to be set to it, but what reason prescribes; and this prescription is to be guided according to the necessities of Nature. Ambition is the greatest Extravagance and Monstrosity, and gave a Monstrian Birth to the Fable of Typhon, who was a Gyant, feign'd to be the Son of Erebus and Terra: Ambition ascending as all other vices from Hell, of which he was a Type. He was said to have reach'd Heaven with his Heads, because of his aspiring Thoughts, and to have forc'd Old Jove from thence, in regard by
Ambition

Ambitious Spirits Princes are often chas'd from their Thrones.

Page 90. *Let the Stoiques boast as high as they please, the insensibility of their Sect.*] They held *πάθη εἶναι ἀλογα*, that *Passions* were *Irrational*; whence they defined *Πάθος ἀλογον ψυχῆς κίνησις, καὶ ὁρμητικὴ ἐκ φύσεως, ἢ ὁρμῇ πλεονάζουσα*, an inordinate *Impulse*, straying beyond *Nature*. This was a pleasant conceit, but such a one, as, I am glad, they held with all my heart; since, otherw ise, we had never met with all that *Wit*, which *Seneca* bestows upon the *Illustration* of this *Point*, while with a great deal of *Passion* he labours to prove that the *Wise man* ought to have none. 'Tis certain, the whole *Intrigue* of *Virtue* and *Vice* consists in the *Passions*: And by the same *Argument* a *Papist* may persuade us *Protestants* to throw away our *Bibles* utterly, because we, some-
times,

rimes, make bad use of them.

Page 94. *And because the memory of Mæcenas*] These verses of *Macenas*, *Seneca* comments upon excellently well and like himself, in his hundred and first Epistle. He calls it *Tarpiſſimum Votum*, that ever Man should refuse neither weakness, nor deformity, nor the Cross it self, provided but a little Life would stay in him, during his sufferings. Herein, he prays for the Greatest Curse that could befall him, & he begs for a continuance of his Punishment, as if it were for Life it self. But of all things this was the most contemptible, that he should desire to live, tho it were to be Crucifi d. You may debilitate, cripple me (says he) if you please, so that the Soul does but stay in my broken and useleſs body : Squash me double in pieces upon the Rack, so that the distorted
Monster

Monster does get some *Time*:
 You may *hoist*, and *nail* me to
 the sharpned *Cross*, yet it is worth
 my *while*, to compress my *Wounds*,
 and to hang down *straightned*
 from the *Tree*, so that I but de-
 fer what is *best* in *Evils*, an end
 of the *Punishment*. It is worth
 my *while* to have a *Ghost*, that I
 may give it up. What can we
 wish to this man, but that his
Prayers may be answer'd? Was
 ever heard a *Bargain* of so much
foolish Fear? Did ever man beg
 his *Life* with so much *Turpitude*?
 Do ye think, *Virgil* had ever re-
 peated that to him,

Usq; adeone mori miserum est?

Or he had ever seen [let me add]
 those *Verses* of his beloved *Horace*,
 wherein *Regulus* is describ'd
 leaving *Rome* at his return for
Carthage, and which in my weak
Judgment,

- Judgment, I think, to go beyond any thing, that ever Horace writ of Imagery?

*Fertur pudica Conjugis Osculum,
Parvūsq; natos, ut capitis Minor
A se removisse, & virilem
Torvus humi posuisse Vultum:
Donec labantes consilio Patres
Firmaret Autor nunquam aliā dato,
Intérque marentes Amicos
Egregius properaret Exul, &c.*

Page 101. One of 'em hath endeavour'd by his Writings to destroy his Opinions.] i. e. Cicero, who in most of his Philosophick or Moral Writings doth oppose the Opinions of Epicurus, especially this of Volupry being the *Summum Bonum*. And he deals not only with his Ethicks, but his Physicks and Theology too, by introducing several of the Greatest Wits and Gentlemen of Rome, in company and conversation,

tion, some of whom being le-
ven'd with these Principles he
makes to *dispute* with huge *viva-*
city and *acumen* with him and his
Friends.

Page 107. Petronius did not
employ the last hours of his Life in
set Speeches concerning the Souls Im-
mortality.] As Seneca did, who
made better use of his time, and
did not dye with the Crowderos a-
bout him. This may be easily in-
terpreted in a very bad sense, prin-
cipally when my Author else-
where (page 60. of the second
Volume of his Works Printed at
Paris) speaks so *slightingly* of
the *Eternal* duration of the Soul:
And therefore, I think my self
oblig'd not to pass it over without
some *Asterisk* fixt upon it. For
my part, I would go no farther
than this place to find an *argument*
for the Soul's *Immortality*: For,
I think it an *undeniable* proof,
that

that if the *Soul* be *Immaterial*, it is certainly *Immortal*, unless *God* will *withdraw* his ordinary *Providence* and *annihilate* it. Now, that its *essence* is *immaterial* and not *corporeal*, may be *gather'd* hence, that if it were *co-substantial* with the *body*, it could never *act* as it *does* in a *dying* man. When one *Vein* was *Lanc'd*, then would so much *Soul* fly out with the *Animal Spirits*, and the *mind* would contract an equal *Imbecillity* with the *Body*; *Judgment*, *Invention*, *Memory*, would all fail *Gradually*: And the very *Harmony*, which *Petronius* thought to find in his *Musique*, would prove *Discord* to him. Not to *engage* here in any *disputes*, I will only mention a *Story* that a *Roman Catholique*, my *Friend* and a *Person* of excellent *sense* told me t'other *Night*: When he was *last* in *France*, he *pay'd* a *Visit* to an *Hermite*: And
after

after much *discourse*, finding him to be of a *free temper*, and (as we say) a *Good-humour'd Man*, he became so *confident*, as to ask him, why he being so *accomplish'd* a Man, and so *fit* for the *Pleasures* as well as *Affairs* of *humane Life*, should go and *macerate himself* at this *rate* for a *thing* that is *doubtful* and *Cross* and *Pile* : *Why*, (says he) *If I am in the right at last, I am most happy; if wrong, I am where you are still.*

Ibid. He chose to imitate the *sweet Fate of Swans.*] *Pausanias* notes, that *Cygnus King of Liguria*, a Prince much *addicted* to *Musique*, was *transform'd* into a *Swan* by *Apollo*, which *Bird* ever since was *Musical*, *entertaining* its own *death* with *Songs* and *Rejoicings*. *Ovid* in his *Epistles* :

Sic, ubi Fata vocant, undis abjectus
in undis, Ad

*Ad vada Maendri concinisc al-
bus Olor.*

*The dying Swan, adorn'd with Silver Wings,
So in the Sedges of Mæander sings.*

'Tis true, the *Authors* of *natural History*, give little credit to this *Relation* of their *Harmonical Notes* before death, as *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Dr. Brown*, &c. and *Alexander Myndius* says, That he has attended the death of several of them, yet could never for his *Life* hear one *Musical Note*. However, since it was, the vulgar notion, it serv'd the *Poets* to beautify their *Poesy* withal; and when my *Author* was speaking of a *Poetique death*, it was pitty but the *Mantuan Swan* should come into his *Head*. The *Roguy Martial* himself us'd it as one of his *Flowers* in his *Epigrams*:

*Dulcia defectâ modulatur carmina
Lingua, Canta.*

*Cantator, Cygnus, Funeris ipse sui.
The Swan her sweetest Notes sings
as she dies,
Chief Mourner at her own sad Ob-
sequies.*

Page 110. *Impertinent Terrours
and Scholastic Scare-Crows.*] This
is such a description of happiness as
we meet with in the Poet :

*Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere
causas,
Atque metus omnes, & inexorabile
Fatum
Subjecit pedibus, strepitumque A-
cherontis Avan !*

———*Virg. Georg. 2.*

The Lord *Verulam* somewhere
observes very well, that perhaps a
little Philosophy may make men
Atheists, but a greater search in-
to the *Clue of Causes*, doth cer-
tainly extricate them from that
pestilence

pestilent Principle; it being (as Pindar calls it) *ἡ δεινὴ τέχνη*, a wicked Craft, and seems to entitle *Atheists* to the Denomination of *Wits*, when indeed it is *ἀνεπίστατος ἡ ἀφαισῆς*, the very height of Folly, or rather of Ignorance, as *Clemens Alexandrinus* says. And we have an Instance of it in *Hobbs* himself, even where in effect he expresses himself *One*; who in the very same Book, in which he pretends, that it is highly necessary to the Empire of our High and Mighty Sovereign Lord and Master *Leviathan*, that the unthinking *Mobile* be abus'd with the Belief, and scared with the Terror of Invisible Powers, yet lest the World should be tempted to think him so weak as to be betray'd into the same Opinion, he declares openly *totidem verbis*, That neither himself, nor any wise-man ought to regard the Tales of Religion, and that

that they are only *design'd* to
choose poor *Ignorant* and *Foolish*
Creatures. Just as if this great
Politician shou'd go about to
 fright *Birds* from his *Corn*
 (which is one of his own *simili-
 tudes* and *colours* of *Speech*) with
 an *empty Doublet*, an *Hat* and a
crooked Stick, but yet lest the
Jack-Daws should take him, for
 one of their own *silly Flock*, he
 shall take most *especial care* to
inform them, that *himself* knows
 it only to be a *man of Clouts*.

These are mens manners, admirably well describ'd and express'd.]

'Tis the *nature* of *Flesh* and *Blond*,
 sometimes, to run counter to that
 Old *Ethical Axiom*, *Omnia appetunt bonum*, but then it appears under the *notion* and *semblance* of *Good*: As you see this *antique Saw*, a line above translated,

—————*Video meliora proboq3
 Deteriora sequor.*

Saluste

Salust the Historians Excellence
lay in characterizing men, and
his chief strokes in those Characters
lye in the representations of the
same Persons frequent Differings
from themselves, in their Passions
and Habitudes of Vertue and Vice.

Page 146. This Sun, which is
going to Set for ever.] He alludes
to that of Catullus :

*Soles occidere & redire possunt :
Nobis, cum brevis occidit semel Lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

Page 151. They never lift up
their Eyes towards Heaven, but
their Consciences fly in their Faces.]
Conscience is a Principle inherent
in the Soul, and deriv'd from God
and Nature, and not to be erad-
icated by the Art of Man. Great
Philosophers have Christen'd it by
the most venerable Names, as

Θεός ἰσχυρός, Θεός ἐπιτοπικός and Θεός
 οὐρανός, Θεός αὐτοκρατορικός, ὃς ἐστὶν ὁ ὁμοῦς
 ὁμοῦς τῆς ἐκκλησίας, i. e. a *Domestique*
 God, a *Divine Bishop* or *Over-*
seer, a *Sacred Deity*, a *Power*,
 that hath fram'd to himself a *na-*
tural Temple in the *Conscience*. Tho
Atheists pretend to slight it, yet
 Cotta who disputed zealously a-
 gainst it, confess'd, that as to *Mat-*
ters of Virtue and Vice, sine ulla
 divina ratione grave ipsius *Conscien-*
tiae pondus est. [*Tull. de Nat. Deo-*
rum lib. 3.]

But it begins to grow dark, and
 I think, here are notes enow o'
Conscience already for a *Book* of
 this small magnitude. I will, there-
 fore trouble neither my *Reader*
 nor my self any further with such
 stuff, as any *Fellow* who has but
 one *Eye* to look into an *Index* and
 another into a *Book*, can with as
 great ease as haughtiness present
 him withal, upon some hours re-
 tirement

retirement into his Study. This, in plain truth, is my case: For, I am not indebted to my Stars so much, as Seneca (the Declamator) was, who could repeat two Thousand Names in the same Order, that they were rehearsed, and could remember all the lovely things in the Juvenile Harangues of Rome, Forty years before. Beyond all contradiction, this is the best way: I love, when Men do a thing, that they should do it thoroughly!

FINIS.

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